Féinchosaint

by

Macha agus Mómó

Tá sé lár agam...

“The ends you serve that are selfish

will take you no further than yourself

but the ends you serve that are for all, in common,

will take you into eternity.” -Marcus Ó Garvey

“The memory of the just man is eternal.” Fr. Treacy

Priest of the धरकत
Penal Days 杜騙新書, 盗跖
Odes of 1889 Catholic Ireland

Rev. William P. Treacy
1850-1906
UnDavisised Selection with Filíocht updates for 2025
sensibilities as living tradition of Mór Mumhan.
Prepared by Amhlaobh Ní-Ghallagher

Poems from *Irish Scholars--of The Penal Days--In Europe*

Ailiu iath nErenn.道則徐

Trí caindle forosnat cach ndorcha: fír, aicned, ecna.

Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge.

Taise le truagh agus troid le trean.

There are seven things which overturn every (attempt at) dissolving (a contract[Or railroading a peace treaty for instance]) in [Féineachas] law: worthy witnessing[true evidence], paying-sureties[honoring the original agreements], undue lapses of time[waiting too long], immoveable rocks [understanding what they mean[, a long-memoried custodian of tradition [Senchaidhe Sírcuimnech], an old godly writing[manuscript evidence], a bequest in respect of death [honoring the wishes of the dead, Right Bp. Cornelius Ó Keeffe#].

Liam Breatnach, "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006, pp. 63–84. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/30007051.

Findsruth Fíthail ... establishing title other than eyewitness evidence Fortoing Airem no Aimser [CIH2143.18] 'Number of generations, or lapse of time or balance or measure or poem or boundary or pillarstone or marking out or possession provides overriding evidence, and those are the dead which provide overriding evidence against the living, and one does not provide overriding evidence without them.

Senchas Már, Dí Thúaslucud Rudrad: Except for three established things which confirm every certain ownership: that which is heard and transmitted by the Féniu, a poem with the inspiration of a filid, a document in the possession of a holy successor. Breatnach, Liam. "Satire, Praise and the Early Irish Poet." Ériu, vol. 56, 2006

Ó Caomh na Madraí
Óg-mhac Seachtú Iníon

nic Alex Joseph Brown ┐ Mary Rita Kieff Brown

nic Mary Magdalene McGill ┐ Legouri Michael Kieff

mac Mary McAuliffe ┐ Michael O'Kieff

mac Dennis Kiff ┐ Mary Dunn

nic John Dunn and Bridgid Hassett

On 27 May 1810 , MMMM Máthair Mhór "Mary [Dunn was baptized] for John Dunn and Bridgid Hassett [with sponsors] [Tom] Ryan and Cat [Catherine] Dunn at Ballyclough. Microfilm 05009/05 Uí aiseadha Surname History: Descendant of aisidh' (strife, discord); the name of an old thomond family of the same stock as the macnamaras, being a branch of clann chuileain. the name is still well known in the neighbourhood of the city of limerick and in other parts of munster, (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

Dedicated to my Mór-Mór Grandmother
Mary (McAulliffe) Kieff (1849 - 1934)
nic Michael McAulliffe (1814 - 1885) b 1814 in Cork agus
Brigid (Regan) McAulliffe (1824 – aft. 1897) b Skull Island, Cork, Ireland

Katherine Simms The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ghadraigh Mac Aodhagáin ... 'as a good chief-judge is bound to expound the statements of each party, correct false information, and maintain justice in its rightful place...'

We are told the ideal ollamh or master of the legal profession should be expert in every art, that is in all branches of vernacular Irish learning: customary law, bardic poetry, music, medicine, and traditional history (including genealogy)...
The [Gaels use] two words interchangeably for these arts or professions: dán which meant primarily a talent, a gift from God, and cerd which meant rather a craft, an acquired skill, used particularly of ornamental metalworkers, but also of poets ...We should ask ourselves then, why is it so important for Irish lawyers to be expert in every art, and especially in poetry?

Katherine Simms, The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century Ireland

Antaine Raiftearaí (Galway, 1779-1835) Since the time Henry rejected his first wife at the beginning of the Reformation The Gael are being persecuted harshly, sharply in every place Their laws are not yielded to but instead they are hung and tortured

Toni Morrison

“First was my effort to substitute and rely on memory rather than history because I knew I could not, should not, trust recorded history... “

From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894 It cannot be doubted that in Ireland, as in Gaul, the most learned, the most sage, and the most virtuous [daoine] of the nation were druids... Their superior learning enabled them to become... philosophers, astronomers, judges, bards, literary [daoine], musicians, physicians, seers or diviners of future events, and many other things, and may have given them a choice, almost a monopoly, of all the offices which required learning.

[The Invaders]While as a rule adopting the Brehon Laws, so far as their personal interests were served by doing so—adopting the advantages without the correlative restraints and responsibilities—those settlers introduced to the districts grabbed by them a few of the rules of feudalism and some of the feudal spirit.

Emboldened by the force of this example, and by avarice, some of the flaiths who were the Gaelic neighbours of those settlers, and who had long been treating as their own property that which was originally official, at times of disorder and consequent relaxation of the Gaelic discipline, extended their pretensions, began to assert their personal individuality over that of the community, to regard themselves as lords in the feudal sense....

The Elizabethan Atrocities in their Relation to Land From The Brehon Laws by Laurence Ginnell, 1894

To draw Gaelic Irish to 'civility' by allowing them to participate in a 'model' English colony [1563 AD]. To guarantee this societal transformation, all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system ...Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999)

'To listen to Irish [rhymes] or give alms to an Irish [rhymer lawyer] exposed the offender, by the bitter sarcasm of the [English] laws, to the forfeiture of both ears if the offence were repeated.

"All carroughes, bards, rhymers, " and common idle men and women,

within this [cúige] (of Munster), making rhymes, bringing of messages, and common players at cards, [are] to be spoiled of all their goods and chattels,

and to be put in the next stocks, there to remain till they shall find sufficient surety to leave that "wicked thrade of life, and fall to other occupation."* As if, forsooth, they could ! '

Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868)

Benjamin Disraeli to Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle), Chancellor of the Exchequer in January 28, 1836.
Author Richard Cumberland, who, in spite of the courtly compliments of his polished Memoirs, could be racy and significant enough in his conversation, once characterised in my presence a countryman of yours as 'a talking potato.' The race of talking potatoes is not extinct.'...

"I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country...to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black one would not see it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours."
— Cambridge historian and Anglican priest Charles Kingsley, letter to his wife from Ireland, 1860, friend of Charles Darwin

The final stage is come when Man by eugenics, by pre-natal conditioning, and by an education and propaganda based on a perfect applied psychology, has obtained full control... Human nature will be the last part of Nature to surrender to Man. The battle will then be won. We shall have 'taken the thread of life out of the hand of Clotho' and be henceforth free to make our species whatever we wish it to be. The battle will indeed be won. But who, precisely, will have won it?
C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

The Attributes of Erinn Diarmid mac Donaill mac Fineen (The Slender) O'Sullivan sang (as Gaeilge) published 1860 with references to 1750
"O such things were never known in the days of Éibhear Mór North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore, Men paid not half their taxes with the butter ! long ago, When the true and gallant Gael were a n-Erinn beo (alive in the land)..."

The primary – and avowed – purpose of the National Education Act of 1831 was to make good English children of bad Irish children, and one of the primary mechanisms of that forced conversion was the removal of their native language. By stripping the younger generation of their identity Britain's colonial rule on this island nation could be made more effective – and enduring – than anything achieved through fire and sword, plantation and displacement. "Beating The English Language Into The Irish, Quite Literally An Síonnach Fionn

from The Munster Plantation and the MacCarthys, 1583-1597, theIrishStory.com
...While Tudor policy in Ireland might look to modern eyes like straighforward conquest and colonisation by one group over another, the English themselves did not see it like that. Rather, they viewed the

plantation as a benevolent act, whereby the "barbarous", militarised Irish lordships would be replaced by peaceful, law-governed English landholding system...In practice, though, Common Law, the pillar of what the English perceived as their superior civilisation, tended to be set aside when it got in the way of land confiscation.

Nipmuc Nation Elders Council, Remembering & Reconnecting: Nipmucs and the Massacre at Great Falls "To gain allies, the colonists manipulated tribes to turn against each other by preying on old animosities, breaking apart alliances, and convincing Native Peoples that they needed the English to protect them.
During Metacomet's Rebellion, the English leadership managed to persuade the Praying Indians to spy and scout for the English, all the while convincing the colonists that all Indians -especially the Praying Indians that lived close by - were a threat to them.

"...my point is that the only authentic identity for the African is the tribe...I am Nigerian because a white man created Nigeria and gave me that identity. I am black because the white man constructed black to be as different as possible from his white. But I was Igbo before the white man came." Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie Half of a Yellow Sun

Our rich ancient indigenous language, culture and heritage identify us as the unique and distinguishable... nation we've been since long before the English language existed ...
Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair

Vandana Shiva, Yes! magazine, Dec 31, 2002

In England, the population explosion started with the enclosures of the commons— when peasants were uprooted from the land and had to depend on selling their labor. In India, 1800 is the watershed for the consolidation of colonial regimes. For centuries before 1800 our population had been stable.

"Imperialism creates the illusion of wealth as far as the masses are concerned. It usually serves to hide the fact that the ruling classes are gobbling up the natural resources of the home territory in an improvident manner and are otherwise utilizing the national wealth largely for their own purposes. Eventually the general public is called upon to pay for all of this, frequently after the military machine can no longer maintain external aggression." — Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals: The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism

from British Imperialism in China A legacy of Commerce, Addiction, and Gunboat diplomacy

Tao He, Boston University

The primary motive of British imperialism in China in the nineteenth century was economic. There was a high demand for Chinese tea, silk and porcelain in the British market. However, Britain did not possess sufficient silver to trade with the Qing Empire. Thus, a system of barter based on Indian opium was created to bridge this problem of payment. The subsequent exponential increase of opium in China between 1790 and 1832 brought about a generation of addicts and social instability. Clashes between the Qing government and British merchants ultimately escalated into the infamous Opium Wars.

...Between 1728 and 1845 the colonial landlord system in Ireland had produced twenty-eight artificial famines in which millions of Irish men, women and children had suffered death while their landlords sent off rich harvests and herds to the English markets... from Ireland's forgotten 'Rockite' rebellion Peter Berresford Ellis irishdemocrat.co.uk

“From Cork harbor on one day in 1847, the AJAX steamed for England with 1,514 firkins of butter, 102 casks of pork, 44 hogsheads of whiskey, 844 sacks of oats, 247 sacks of wheat, 106 bales of bacon, 13 casks of hams, 145 casks of porter, 12 sacks of fodder, 28 bales of feathers, 8 sacks of lard, 296 boxes of eggs, 30 head of cattle, 90 pigs, 220 lambs, 34 calves and 69 miscellaneous packages.” Chris Fogarty, http://www.irishholocaust.org/thefoodremoval

WHILE the swords of Irish chieftaIns flashed in the glens of Ireland, the pens of Irish priests in the cells and halls of Europe seemed to blaze like so many torches, and throw lurid lights upon the iniquity and tyranny of England.
What England always dreaded was the light. She is fond of sinning, but she wishes her crimes to be hidden under the wings of night. She is desirous of a good name, and like the Pharisee, she proclaims in the highways her deeds of mercy and charity. In secret she loves to grind and pillage and plunder.

It has ever been the aim of England to misrepresent the state of ireland, to deny the existence of suffering in that country, and to ... slander its inhabitants.

For this reason she has always encouraged lying and ignorant writers on

Irish subjects. How happy she would feel if she could only make Ireland a " howling wilderness," if she could raze its altars and desecrate its holy graves without a fear that the rest of the world would hear of her dark deeds. ...

DURING the Penal Days every Irish college on the Continent was a stronghold for Ireland. The founding of a college at Douay, at Lisbon, at Paris, at Salamanca, or at Rome, was of more importance, and more pregnant with happy and lasting services to poor Erin, than the

capture of Dublin Castle or the possession of the Fort of Duncannon.

Books and pamphlets, private letters and glorious pastorals, came forth from the schools of Louvain, Rome, Seville and Antwerp, condemning and exposing the cruelties and errors of English Protestant tyranny, and calling upon Catholic Europe to look with pity and compassion upon poor, persecuted, bleeding Ireland.

I am not writing in passion. I merely state what I know, from a cool and patient examination of her seven-centuried treatment of my country, to be a clear and positive fact.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. BY REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY, 1889

[A] word often used for "loyal" is 'dílis' (Old Irish 'díles'), which comes from Old Celtic 'dílestos' and also appears as Welsh 'dilys'. This is the secondary meaning of a term widely used in Brehon Law to mean "inalienable property" — Alexei Kondratiev
Do na daoine, atá cróga agus dílis, ní hAnsa.

HISTORY gives us our measuring-point. By it alone can we calculate the progress of the world, and our own particular corner of it. Some people are apt to think that Ireland has no separate history of her own worth considering.
Others find her history confused, sad, or difficult, wanting land-marks and out-standing rulers. Others, again, look at Irish history through their own sympathies or prejudices, and cannot always picture Ireland as compared with contemporary countries, or realize the peculiar way in which Ireland was set apart.

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC.

From earliest times, the Irish were a scholarly and a literary people, who honoured their bards, ollaves (historians), and brehons (judges) equally with their Rí (chiefs).
L. M. McCRAITH.(" The poor old Woman."" An t-sean Bean bochd ")

“Your noble friend will not accept pretension but will gently and very firmly confront you with your own [unseeing]. Such friendship is creative and critical; it is willing to negotiate awkward and uneven territories of contradiction and woundedness.”
John O'Donohue, Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom

The old system is beginning to collapse. As Nietzsche said, ‘ When something is leaning, give it a push.’

Ristéard Ó Kearney, On Philosophy

THE BURDEN OF MANHOOD. The great but acceptable burden of manhood —the overmastering but sweet allegiance that a true man owes to the truth. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

William Shakespeare, All's Well That Ends Well

Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame! More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, remorse, and shame! And man, whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn, - Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn! —Robert Burns, Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge, 1784

from Tír Do Doirteach (A Land Poured Out Beneath the Feet ofMiscreants) by Aoghán Ó Rathaille, 1670-1726
Tír gan eaglais chneasta ná clérigh! Tír le mioscais, noch d'itheadar faolchoin! Tír do cuireadh go tubaisteach, traochta Fá smacht namhad is amhas is méirleach!

A land without a meek church or clergy! A land which wolves have spitefully devoured! A land placed in misfortune and subjection Beneath the tyranny of enemies, and mercenaries and robbers!

Colmcille made a verse (or rann)

For the rich man as well as the poor man — If you will not purchase heaven for yourself Your wife or children will not purchase it for you. Although pilgrimages and fasting and praying are good — Without false sighs (hypocrisy), In spite of all that, better still Is humanity, kindness, and hospitality. Seanfhocla Uladh/Proverbs of Ulster 1907, Énrí Ó Muirgheasa

In 1776, the English traveller Arthur Young, had observed: "A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order, which a servant, labourer or cotter dare refuse to execute. Nothing satisfied him but an unlimited submission.

Disrespect or anything tending towards sauciness he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security; a poor man would

have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence...

Landlords of consequence have assured me, that many of their cotters would think themselves honoured by having their wives or daughters sent for to the bed of their master; a mark of slavery that proves the oppression under which such people must live."

Aoghán Ó Rathaille Atá mo chóraid gan fuithin ’s mo chuingir gan féar, gan fás, Atá anshógh ar mo mhuirear, Is a n-uillinn gan éadach slán; Atá an tóir ar mo mhullach, Go minic o Thighearna an stáit, Atá mo bhróga-sa briste, Is gan pinginn dá bhfiacha im láimh.

My cattle are shelterless, My team, unfed, thrive ill, In misery my people dwell, Their elbows through their clothes, A price is on my head At the landlord’s will; My shoes are tattered, And no wherewithal to make them good

Champion of Wolves/Hounds (Cun[a]netas). Ogham Stone: Island, Co. Waterford

Thunder (Brusccos). Ogham stone: Emlagh East, Co. Kerry

Black Raven (Branaddov). Ogham stone: Gearha South, Co. Cork

Battle Man (Cattuvir). Ogham Stone: Dromore III, Co. Waterford

MAQI DECCEDA. SAFITORA NI AS. The wise or learned Torani son of Decceda, Ballycrovane, West Cork.

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[Brehons] were aware of the concept of legal precedents and case law as grounds for a decision...Verses composed by a poetic brehon about the year 1300 advise the [Brehon, Féineachas] law student:

> **The literary language whose thrust is not self-evident or superficial and the noble reading aloud —for ardent judges and bards, they are the keys which release locks.**

Katherine Simms,The Poetic Brehon Lawyers Of Early Sixteenth Century

The success of the " Reformation " is the strongest proof that history affords of the corruption of the human heart and the weakness and darkness of human reason.
IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY

As several scholars have noted, the practice of keening was actively discouraged by parish priests, pursuant to post-Reformation Church legislation (Lysaght; Ó Súilleabháin). The means by which priests dissuaded keening women seems to have been wide, ranging from arguments to spiritual punishments, such as exclusion from Mass and sacraments and even excommunication for repeat 'offenders' to corporeal punishments, as in the story reported by Ó Súilleabháin in which the parish priest attacked three keening women with a whip as they keened the dead on the way to the graveyard..."
'Keening the Nation: The Bean Chaointe, the Sean Bhean Bhocht, and Women's Lament in Irish Nationalist Narrative' Kathryn Conrad, The University of Kansas

“You just robbed a revenue cart.’ ‘That was neither stealing nor robbery. Whose money did we capture?’ ‘Why, the King’s!’ ‘King’s, you say! What right has an English King to the wealth of our land?”
— Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

A great many of those who "debunk" traditional or (as they would say) "sentimental" values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868)
“Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found repeated and fruitless enactments for obliterating from the face of Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of Irish characteristics. The land was in all respects to be remodelled, volens nolens [willing or unwilling], upon an English platform, so far at least as it was possible in a conquered province — so far as a humble and distant dependant can be made to assume the dress, manners, deportment, religion, and policy of its superior.... Its Deputy was to be the alter idem [second self] of English royalty; its council board the counterpart in its constitution and its authority of the council board in England..,
... According to the ordinances proclaimed at Limerick by Sir John Perrot in 1571, no maid or single woman was allowed " to wear or put on any great roll or kercher of linen cloth upon their heads, neither any great smock with great sleeves [traditional Irish Léine and other Aboriginal Gaelic clothing], but to put on hats, caps, French hoods [Norman Old English clothing],

tippets, or some other civil attire upon their heads, upon pain of forfeiting the said Irish garments so worn ; the same forfeiture to be to such person or persons as shall happen to seize the same. [English stole our womens clothes off their backs, and then...]" Carew Papers, I. 411.

Hell is empty and all the devils are here. William Shakespeare, The Tempest

The rebellion of new ideologies against the Tao is a rebellion of the branches against the tree: if the rebels could succeed they would find that they had destroyed themselves.
C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, MRIA, explains what the dead faced here:

So says Leland:'The object of the Irish governors and of the English Parliament was the utter extinction of all the Catholics of Ireland.'

This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, "had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency : well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The Ballads of Ireland by Edward Hayes 1864

It is the magician's bargain: give up our soul, get power in return. But once our souls, that is, ourselves, have been given up, the power thus conferred will not belong to us. We shall in fact be the slaves and puppets of that to which we have given our souls.

C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

"Behaviour that's admired is the path to power among people everywhere." — Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

I have often said, and written, it is [Forced Starvation] which must consume [the Irish]; our swords and other endeavours work not that speedy effect which is expected for their overthrow.

English Viceroy Arthur Chichester writing to Elizabeth I's chief advisor, November 1601

Marbh le tae agus marbh gan é. Murdered with tea, murdered without it.

“If you are silent about your pain, they’ll kill you and say you enjoyed it.” Zora Neale Hurston

"This is a righteous judgement of God upon these barbarous wretches...." Oliver Cromwell, 1649, after the Siege of Drogheda

“The State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.” — Oliver Cromwell

...every man is a hero if he strives more for others than for himself alone.

Once you told me that the seeking counts more than the finding. So, too, must the striving count more than the gain.
Lloyd Alexander, The High [Chief[

"Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." — Oliver Cromwell

“He who stops being better stops being good.” — Oliver Cromwell

“Keep your faith in God, but keep your powder dry”. — Oliver Cromwell

Gordon Gekko: Like all Brits, he thinks he was born with a better pot to piss in. —Wall Street (1987) written by Stanley Weiser, Oliver Stone

“Supreme Wisdom has educed permanent good out of transient evil ...”

C. E. TREVELYAN, REPRINTED FROM THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW." January 1848

We stole Trevelyans corn So the young might see the morn

Its so lonely around the Fields of Athenry –Pete St. John

“Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them.” — George Orwell, 1984

Anyone with gumption and a sharp mind will take the measure of two things: what's said and what's done.
Seamus Heaney, Beowulf

“That was the problem with money: What people did with it had consequences, but they were so remote from the original action that the mind never connected the one with the other.” — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

The process which, if not checked, will abolish Man goes on apace among Communists and Democrats no less than among Fascists. The methods may (at first) differ in brutality. But many a mild-eyed scientist in pince-nez, many a popular dramatist, many an amateur philosopher in our midst, means in the long run just the same as the Nazi rulers of Germany: 'Traditional values are to be debunked' and mankind to be cut out into some fresh shape at the will (which must, by hypothesis, be an arbitrary will) of some few ... people...
C.S. Lewis, The Abolition of Man

“There was so much confusion about the different terms,” said Charlie. “In the course of trying to figure it out, we realize that there’s a reason why it doesn’t quite make sense to us. It’s because it doesn’t quite make sense.” — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

Winston Smith: Does Big Brother exist? O'Brien: Of course he exists.

Winston Smith: Does he exist like you or me? O'Brien: You do not exist. — George Orwell, 1984

We laugh at honour and are shocked to find traitors in our midst. CS Lewis, The Abolition of Man

“The truth doesn’t hurt. Whatever it is, it doesn’t hurt. It’s better to know the truth.” — Ricky Gervais Inside the Actors Studio, 2009

From the Gaelic: Who would not mourn the soul of generosity, Pierce Ferriter, the very erudite, Teige O'Connor, and Bishop Egan Were hanged from a gallows on Sheep-hill [Fair hill] Others they transplanted and transported to Jamaica.

Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological society

“Unless some insider got all of this down on paper, I figured, no future human would believe that it had happened.” —Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

“Colonialism hardly ever exploits the whole of a country. It contents itself with bringing to light the natural resources, which it extracts, and exports to meet the needs of the mother country’s industries, thereby allowing certain sectors of the colony to become relatively rich. But the rest of the colony follows its path of under-development and poverty, or at all events sinks into it more deeply.” Frantz Fanon, Les Damnés de la Terre

“The upper classes of this country raped this country. You fucked people. You built a castle to rip people off. Not once in all these years have I come across a person inside a big Wall Street firm who was having a crisis of conscience. Nobody ever said, 'This is wrong.' And no one ever gave a shit about what I had to say.” — from Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

His experience with Household Finance had disabused him of any hope that the government would intercede to prevent rich corporations from doing bad things to poor people.” Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

from THE REFORMATION 1652, by Samuel Butler.
...Men of souls so base and low, Meer bigots of the nation ; Whose designs are power and wealth, At which by rapine, power, and stealth, Audaciously they vent're ye ;They lay their consciences aside, And turn with every wind and tide, Puff'd on by ignorance and pride, And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish' d 'cause they're crimes,But cause they're low and little : Mean men for mean faults in these times Make satisfaction to a tittle ; While those in office and in power Boldly the underlings devour,Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em ; They sell for many a thousand crown Things which were never yet their own, And this is law and custom grown, 'Cause those do judge who sold em.

"The ordinary response to atrocities is to banish them from consciousness. Certain violations ... are too terrible to utter aloud: this is the meaning of the word unspeakable. Atrocities, however, refuse to be buried. Equally as powerful as the desire to deny atrocities is the conviction that denial does not work... Survivors challenge us to reconnect fragments, to reconstruct history, to make meaning of their symptoms in the light of past events." — Judith Lewis Herman, Trauma and Recovery, p. 3. via Evelyn Glynn's magdalenelaundrylimerick.com about The Good Shepherd Convent and Magdalene Laundry

Elaine Edwards, Ireland has fourth highest rate of teen suicide in Europe, Irish Times, 9 Sep 2016, Irish Times

“Fight is, ‘I’m going to get my guns,’” he said. “Flight is, ‘We’re all doomed so I can’t do anything about it.” — Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday

There are only two kinds of people in the end: those who say to God, "Thy will be done," and those to whom God says, in the end, "Thy will be done." All that are in Hell, choose it. Without that self-choice there could be no Hell. No soul that seriously and constantly desires joy will ever miss it. Those who seek find. Those who knock it is opened.” — C.S. Lewis, The Great Divorce

Chronology of Britain in China Year Event, from British Imperialism in China A legacy of Commerce, Addiction, and Gunboat diplomacy By Tao He Boston University

1600 Founding of The East India Company. The Royal Charter of the Company was approved by

Elizabeth I

1644 Manchurian Qing Dynasty established in China

1680 Recreational Opium/Tobacco mix first introduced to China by the Dutch

1720 British Parliament bans Asian textile Imports to increase domestic production

1720-1839 Chinese Tea as one of the primary Commodities in the British

market

1729 First government prohibition on the distribution of Opium in China (Not heavily Enforced)

1760 British began to use Opium as a Cash Crop for both Chinese commodities and silver

1773 1000 Chests of Opium imported into China.

1813 Increased Opium addicts in the Chinese bureaucracy causes concern in the Qing Courts

1815 End of the Napoleonic Wars, Britain consolidates imperial power in Asia and Africa

1832 20,000 Chests of Opium Imported into China

The incentives on Wall Street were all wrong; they're still all wrong." Michael Lewis, The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine

Who steals an egg will steal more. Níl tuile dá mhéad nach dtránn.

"Because the British keep India in subjection by the sword. .... Those who talk of winning India's independence by peaceful means do not know the British, I am sure....."— Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay, Anandamath

"Being in a minority, even in a minority of one, did not make you mad. There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad." — George Orwell

THE BURDEN OF MANHOOD. The great but acceptable burden of manhood —the overmastering but sweet allegiance that a true man owes to the

truth. JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

LOUIS RIEL'S LETTER TO THE "IRISH WORLD." AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

1886? ...the behavior of the English is not singular. Follow those pirates the world over and you will find that everywhere and at all times they adopt the same tactics and operate on the same thievish lines. Ireland, India, the Highlands of Scotland, Australia, and the isles of the Indian Ocean—all these countries are the sad evidences and their native populations are the witnesses of England's land robberies

....Even in the United States—and it is a burning shame for the Government and people of that great and free nation to have it to be said—English Lords have, within a few short years, grabbed territory enough to form several large States. Alas! for the people of your country.

Ollamh Patrick O'Kelly, Esq., Gallimh, to George IV (1762 – 1830) in Dublin:
'Three poets for three sister Chiefdoms born,
One for the Rose, another for the Thorn ;
One for the Shamrock, which will ne'er decay,
While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away. '

At which the King and his Court laughed heartily."

John Ó Lennon agus Yoko Ono Uí Lennon The Luck of the Irish

A thousand years of torture and hunger

Drove the people away from our land

A land full of beauty and wonder

Was raped by the British brigands! ...Blame it all on the kids and the IRA

As the [Colonisers] commit genocide! Aye! Aye! Genocide!

A Page Of History Séamus Costello

Seems like every uprising was destined to fail,
The Irish forces were crushed at the Battle of Kinsale,
1603; Hugh O' Neill signed the Treaty of Melifont,
Brought an end to the Nine Year War that the rebels launched,

These events laid down the plan that the devil wants,
Now the British had some new lands to settle on,
Our remaining leaders in exile; The Flight of The Earls,
A tragic time that brought a new plight to our world,

Under the rule of chief James & Charles the 1st,
Life here quickly changed from Hard to worse,
Look at what our people lost with the Penal Laws,
Victims to a greed that was never seen before,

Cruel deeds used to decimate our nation and culture,
It was widespread with the Plantation of Ulster,
Still the stronghold for some of the Gaelic Chieftains,
Appalled at how our Motherland was raped and beaten,

All the constant skirmishes had hate increasing,
For the shameful reasons of these racist demons...

Ballad of Crowfoot, Willie Dunn
See the settlers in more numbers
He takes whatever he encounters
You've seen the [Lakota] all battered, beaten
They're all in rags, they haven't eaten
The Nez Perce' were much the same

It seems like such a heartless game

And it's eighteen hundred seventy-six

And the enemy's full of those death-dealing tricks

from COLUM CILLE'S GREETING TO IRELAND,

K. Meyer Ancient Irish Poetry

My Derry, my little oak-grove,

My dwelling and my little cell,

O living God that art in Heaven above,

Woe to him who violates it !

Beloved are Durrow and Derry,

Beloved is Raphoe with purity,

Beloved Drumhome with its sweet acorns,

Beloved are Swords and Kells !

As to the Wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, crushing the tribes to which the pupils of Simon Magus respectively belonged:

Of the pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said:
Dall cach oen notn-aicfe,

bodar each oen nod-cluinfe,

marb each óen risi mbenfa,

Blind (Will be) every one who shall see it:

deaf every one Who shall hear it,

and dead every one against whom it shall strike

-THE PROSE TALES IN THE The Rennes Dindienchas. Whitley Stokes

Three profitable labours in the day : praying, working, reading.

—Regula Choluimb Cille (Zeitschr., 111., p. 29)

Three Cries of the world The cry of the Israelites when they entered the Red Sea,

The cry of Hell when Críost carried off his prey from it,

The cry of Doomsday when the righteous separate from the sinners

Book of Lismore

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his

gait, by his speech. Three things there are for which the Son of living God is not grateful: haughty piety, harsh reproof, reviling a person if it is not certain. Three things there are for which the [Chief] of the sun is grateful: union of brethren, upright conversation, serving at the altar of God. Three things there are which do not behove the poor of living God: ingratitude for his life whatever it be, grumbling, and flattery.

Three things to be distrusted: a cow's horn, a dog's tooth, and a horse's hoof. '

Trí cumtaig gáisse: immed n-eolais, lín fássach, dagaigni do airbirt. Three ornaments of wisdom: abundance of knowledge, a number of precedents, to employ a good counsel

the four things that resemble earthly glory (wind, smoke, sleep and a flower) :

the worst sin (pride) ; and the greatest good (humility). Book of Lismore

Question: How many divisions of sorrow that turn the cauldrons of sages? Ní hAnsa; four. Longing, grief, the sorrows of jealousy and the discipline of pilgrimage to holy places. It is internally that these are borne although the cause is from outside. Coire Filíochta

Ceithre báis breithe: a breith i ngó, a breith cen dílse, a breith cen ailig, a breith cen fhorus. The four deaths of judgment: to give it in falsehood, to give it without forfeiture, to give it without precedent, to give it without knowledge.

Excellent the Rule of Bangor, Correct, and divine, Exact, holy, constant, Exalted, just, and admirable. Blessed the family of Bangor, Founded on unerring faith, Graced with the hope of salvation, Perfect in charity, Munther Benchuir. Trans. e Rev. W. REEVES, Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol 1 ser 1, 1853.

The Apostolic Witness

"The Symbol of Faith was collected into 12 articles of the Apostles

agus assigned with caution:

St. Peter said, 'I believe in Dé the Áthair Almighty.'

St. John said, 'I believe in Íosa Críost, His only Son, Dé agus our Lord.'

St. James said, 'He was born of Maigde Mhuire, the Virgin, through the Spriod Naomh.'

St. Andrew said, 'He suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified agus buried.'

St. Philip said, 'He descended into hell.' Thomas said, 'He arose on the third day.'

St. Bartholomew said, 'He ascended into Heaven, [agus] sat at the right hand of Dé the Áthair Almighty.'

St. Matthew said, 'From there He will arrive to judge the living agus the dead.'

St. James, the son of Alpheus, said: 'I believe in the Spriod Naomh.'

St. Simon Zelotes said: 'I believe in the Holy Church.'

St. Judas, the brother of James, said: 'Through Holy Baptism [there is] remission of sins.'

St. Matthias said, 'The resurrection of the flesh agus eternal life. Amen.'

from The Stowe Missal-Todd's Lorrha hypothesis …. MacCarthy offering his support, stating in his edition "that the [Stowe] MS. belonged to a Munster church, perhaps that of St. Ruadhan of Lothra, in Lower Ormond" … Having correctly identified Pilib Ó Ceinnéidigh and his wife Áine, he observed that a coarb named Giolla Rúadhan might well have been the coarb of St Ruadán of Lorrha, especially given that Lorrha was one of the main churches of Lower Ormond, or, as Todd put it, "O'Kennedy's country".
-Todd, "On the Ancient Irish Missal" (1856): 15-16

In the past no race was more ready than the Irish to give ear to the stories and legends of old. With certain limitations, that is still true of those who are privileged to be the custodians of our native spoken tongue ; but, unfortunately, cut off, as they have been, from all adequate opportunities of developing their native culture, they have got out of touch, more and more, with the great literary tradition which should be their peculiar possession. Of those who have lost their native language, the majority have settled down in the literary territories of the stranger, and, till but lately, seemed little disposed to return home again. To remedv this sad state of the national mind has been the glorious work which the [people] of the Gaelic Movement have set themselves to accomplish...

..How far we can recreate the tribal history of Ireland from the data afforded us by the Epic Literature has yet to be seen. No systematic attempt has been made to co-ordinate the historic facts which undoubtedly lie hidden in our great literary romances...We may also hope that a more thorough comparative study of the antiquarian monuments scattered over the face of our land will bring the same support to the traditions embedded in our literary remains...The two lines of investigation are closely intertwined ; they must be followed out together and correlated, and the results are likely to be...striking ...

If our remains, literary and archaeological, are investigated in this sense, there can be little doubt but that a most interesting chapter shall have been added to ... history...

introduction to MARTIAL CAREER OF CONGHAL CLÁIRINGHNEACHEDITED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WITH BY PATRICK M. MACSWEENEY, M.A., 1904

James Joyce, Ulysses [Ní Hansa]... Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah...and ascendant of Éibhear and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their

archaeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works of rabbis and Culdees.

Reviewed Work: Literary Creation and Irish Historical Tradition by Brian Ó Cuív

Review by: Francis John Byrne Irish Historical Studies Vol. 16, No. 62 (Sep., 1968), Cambridge University Press The historian of Gaelic Ireland faces a lack of official records together with a wealth of literary material which he might tend to dismiss as irrelevant to his inquiry. But as society must be studied on its own terms, and the fact that the Irish had a literary rather than a historical bias is of itself an interesting cultural phenomenon.

Students of Gaelic Ireland must of necessity be in large measure literary historians. For this reason professor Ó Cuiv's interest in the historical implications of literary texts is a hopeful portent that the gulf between philology and history may be spanned more often in the future.

The tradition of the heroic saga remained very much alive until the eleventh century or so, and took as its subject matter not merely prehistoric figures but kings [and queens] of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and even eighth centuries. The dry notices of the annals, on the other hand, never found a true chronicler to expand them into a consecutive narrative ...

If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor.

Desmond Tutu

Now Cuchulain had gone early that day to practise? his feats * of valour ‘and prowess.* These are the names of them all: the Apple-feat, and the Edge-feat, and the Level Shield-feat, and the Little Dart-feat, and the Ropefeat, and the Body-feat, and the Feat of Catt, and the Hero’s Salmonleap,* and the Pole-cast, and the Leap over a Blow (?), and the Folding of a

noble Chariot-fighter, and the Gae Bulga (‘the Barbed Spear’) and the Vantage (?) of Swiftness, and the Wheel-feat, °and the Rim-feat,® and the Over-Breathfeat, and the Breaking of a Sword, and the Champion’s Cry, and the Measured Stroke, and the Side Stroke, and the Running up a Lance and standing erect on its Point, and the Binding of the noble” Hero (around spear points).

Táin bó Cúalnge, Joseph Dunn, 1914.

In wasting woe I've been long a griever For One — the heir of victorious Conn, The knightly scion of royal Eibhir, My darling ever — my Buachaill Bán !" “Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho' long thy slav'ry,

At last, Bright One ! he arrives — thy Chief ! He arrives — thy Champion — with hosts of brav'ry, Whose hearts are burning for thy relief.

With armies bearing the [harp] flag of Erinn, On tall barques steering thy seas upon,

Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious Thy lover glorious — thy Buachaill Bán !”

"https://archive.org/stream/poetspoetryofmun00sigerich#page/n35/mode/

2up/search/ and+my+angui sh" Air : — " Cailín Donn.

Donegal duine, Ó Gallchóir, in 1825

Each Munster chief is a stately Flower, The weak one's dauntless defending power; Tis' a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir, And shelters and helps The Poor evermore !

Filidecht and Coimgne by Sean Mac Airt, Ériu,Vol. 18 (1958), pp. 139- 152. 'In the traditional view of the growth of history, coimgne ranks with the early inventions ascribed to the [chiefs] of Munster. These discoveries are in turn gold and silver, , fessa and forbessa, memorials in Ogam (cuimni i nogmaib), pillar-stones (coirthi) for marking boundaries, and (jointly) coimgne and filidecht. '

1161 AD Aedh Ua Caeimh

Tiarna, Fir Maige Féne First Nation, Slain Ollamh Eógan Ó Donovan
Annals of the [Chiefery] of Ireland Volume 2, 1856

1194 Gilla Ailbe Ó Caoimh and brother slain by Anglo-Normans

1201 Fionghuine Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, Slain by Anglo-Normans

1210 Ó Donnell and Ó Connor submit to King John of England

1210 Magnus Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Anglo-Normans

1283 Tomás Ó Caoimh, Tiarna Fir Maige Féne, slain by Anglo-Normans

County Kerry Archaeological Journal #1 1908 [Kerry Archaelogical Magazine]

Donal Maol MacCarthy inaugurated his succession by an early essay of arms with the survivors of the previous warfare, and proved himself a worthy successor to his heroic brother Finghin.

He is frequently mentioned in the Annals of Innisfallen, in connection with his hostility to the English, over whom he gained repeated advantages, from 1261 down to 1307. For instance it is recorded, under the year 1262, that " a victory was gained by Donal Maol the son of Donal Grott MacCarthy, over the English, on which occasion he slew 12 of their Knights, and the greater part of their muster."

In 1295 he slew John de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale, and his brother Patrick on the Island of Inisdovey, thus avenging the death of his brother Finghin. His efforts were ever directed to the destruction of the Norman castles, for he learned, from experience, that they constituted the main strength of his adversaries ...

Mary McCarthy

"To care for the quarrels of the past, to identify oneself passionately with a cause that became, politically speaking, a losing cause with the birth of the modern world, is to experience a kind of straining against reality, a rebellious nonconformity that, again, is rare in [the Colonies], where a are instructed in the virtues of the system they live under, as though history had achieved a happy ending in [Colonial] civics."

"I think of the women in my life struggling just to survive. I call them my mothers, my sisters, my friends, who endure tremendous acts of violence against them.With broken limbs, busted faces, amputations and sexual assaults - I stand here with you."
Malarndirri McCarthy

from JJ Callanan, The Avenger

Momonia of Druids, green dwelling of song !

Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they so long?

Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before, McCarthy, Ó Briain, O'Sullivan Mór ?

The Blarney Stone The most traditional story of the famous Blarney Stone

involves Clíodhna. Cormac Laidir MacCarthy, the builder of Blarney Castle, being involved in a lawsuit, appealed to Clíodhna for her assistance. She told him to kiss the first stone he found in the morning on his way to court, and he did so, with the result that he pleaded his case with great eloquence and won. Thus the Blarney Stone is said to impart "the ability to deceive

without offending". He then incorporated it into the parapet of the castle. To be fair, Clíodhna does not take credit for all the blarney of the MacCarthys. Queen Elizabeth noted in frustration that she could not effect a negotiation with Cormac MacCarthy, whose seat was Blarney Castle, as everything he said was 'Blarney".

Mac Carthy's Treasure from duchas.ie as recorded by Helen Clancy from Mrs Ellen Linehan in Blarney, Co. Cork Duchas.ie Everyone who knows the history of Blarney Castle should know about Mac Carthy's Treasure. When Cromwell attacked the Mac Carthys they (the Mac Carthys) went through a tunnel which led to a lake about 30 acres in area into which they threw all their jewels so that Cromwell would not get them as well as the Castle. Here is a Legend connected with the lake – Every May a woman riding a white horse appears on the lake. And if the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys is there when she appears she will give him the treasure... Many tourists come to visit the Castle and maybe some day one of them will be the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mac Carthys. If it is we hope that he will come on a May morning and that he will visit the lake and by such means receive the treasure of his ancestors.

MAC DONOGH CARTIE (PRINCE OF DUHALLOW) .
"Mac Donogh, prince of wide Duhallow,

Rouse thy chieftains to the fight,

Mac Auliffe's clansmen soon shall follow

From their marshy mountains' height.

The war-cry shrill full wildly waxes,

Where O'Keeffe's towering castles soar ;

Mac Sweeny's beamy battle-axes

Thirst to drink the foeman's gore.

Art Oge O'Keeffe , born A.D. 1547, died May 31, 1610. This chieftain married Honoria, the daughter of Dermod Mac Donel Cartie of Iniskeen, in Carbery, by his wife Ellinor, daughter of Sir Cormac Mac Carthy Reagh, by whom he left issue Daniel, called of Ballymacquirk ; Donogh, of Cuilbeggan, who died May, 14th 1614, leaving a son Donal, born 1601 ; and his successor, Manus O'Keeffe of Dromagh, " chief of his nacion, " born 1567.
Cronnelly

The families who ruled there, were descended from a common ancestor, Eoghan or Owen. Their descendants to-day are known by the family names of McCarthy, Ó Sullivan, Ó Mahony, Ó Keeffe, Ó Donovan and Ó Donoghue.

Throughout the province were scattered Irish landowners but with few exceptions their territorial power was limited to the south-west where the MacCarthys were the predominant family. They had been hereditary enemies to the Desmond FitzGeralds for centuries....

Michael MacCarthy-Morrogh, THE MUNSTER PLANTATION, 1583-1641, 1983

The lands of the chiefs who had fled were looked upon by the Kings Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, as admirably suited to a new plantation. Thus there could be introduced into Ireland settlers who would act as a garrison against any future struggle for independence.

The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher, 1957

I have often said, and written, it is [Forced Starvation] which must consume [the Irish]; our swords and other endeavours work not that speedy effect which is expected for their overthrow.
English Viceroy Arthur Chichester writing to Elizabeth I's chief advisor, November 1601

Sloinne.ie Ó Caoimh, Male (married & unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, Female (married) Ní Chaoimh, Female (unmarried) Uí Chaoimh, House Surname History: Descendant of caomh' (beautiful, noble, gentle, loveable). the o'keeffes, who are of the royal race of munster and of the same stock as the maccarthys and o'callaghans, derive their name and descent from art caomh who was son of fionghuine, Rí of munster, and flourished in the 10th century. donnchadh Ó caoimh, the first to bear the surname, lived in the reign of ceallachan of cashel. the o'keeffes were originally seated at glanworth and possessed the district now called roches' country, in the barony of fermoy; but they were driven thence shortly after the anglonorman invasion, when they settled in a district in the north-west of the barony of duhallow, to which they gave the name of pobble o'keeffe, and where they maintained themselves as a distinct clan [kept to the ancestral structures] down to the end of the 16th century [seems like it's more like the end of the 17th, possibly, or maybe we still are?] (Sloinnte Gaedheal is Gall)

A legend suggests that part of the O'Keeffe family fortune was thrown into the well in the yard to save it from Cromwell's soldiery. This is an often repeated story of those times, and it is perhaps sufficient to say that it has never been found...

Memorials of Those Who Suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland in the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries, Myles Ó Reilly, New York, 1869.

The sixteenth century saw in Ireland the commencement of a persecution which, gradually increasing in intensity, culminated in the middle of the seventeenth in what was probably the most exterminating attack ever endured by a Christian church. The fanatical followers of Mohammed, in the seventh century, propagated their faith by the sword. But, the hordes of Cromwell abandoned the attempt to make the Irish converts, and turned all their energies to blotting out Catholicity in Ireland by the destruction of the Gaelic Irish race: the Irish were recognised as ineradicably Catholic, and were slain or banished to wildernesses where it was believed they must become extinct... the persecution of Catholicity in Ireland was not only the persecution of the believers in one faith by the adherents of another; it was also (as was the case in the Netherlands) the persecution of the conquered by the conquering race, of the old government by the new, of the possessors of the land of the country by those who sought to confiscate it for their own advantage.

For in abject prayer, the people there Still raised their fettered hands,

When the sense of right and the power to smite

Are the spirit that commands ;

For those who'd sneer at the mourner's tear,

And heed not the suppliant's sigh,

Would bow in awe to that first great law

A banded nation's cry !

At length arose o'er that isle of woes

A dawn with a steadier smile,

And in happy hour a voice of power

Awoke the slumbering isle !

And the people all obeyed the call

Of their chief's unsceptred hand,

Vowing to raise as in ancient days

The name of their own dear land !

Denis Florence McCarthy

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE, Songs of the Gael 4.

Persecutions Suffered by the Catholics of Ireland
Under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans.
Archbishop Patrick Francis Moran, 1884.

Our Divine Redeemer repeatedly forewarned his disciples that they would have to suffer trials and persecutions in this world, and to drink the bitter cup of affliction to the dregs. " You shall lament and weep," said He to them, " but the world shall rejoice ; and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be changed into joy" (John, xvi. 20).

...The degree of opposition to the new inquisitions was most marked in Kerry and even approached a denial of Crown sovereignty. In July 1587

Smythes and Beacon held an inquisition in Desmond, south Kerry, where the landowners were Irish. Resistance started from the moment the sheriff summoned the grand jury: "he was answered that they never had appeared in absence of MacCarthy Mor."

Michael MacCarthy-Morrogh, THE MUNSTER PLANTATION, 1583-1641, 1983

Trí chuil túaithe: flaith bréagach, breitheamh gúach, sagart colach. Three tribal vetos: false chief, untruthful judge, impious priest.

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe ;

Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should blow ;

Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,

When our Prince is restored, and our fetters are riven

THE AVENGER. By J.J. Callanan

Dá bfeacin se'n la sin bo seásta bfeic m'intin

According to Mary Rita [gramma], Michael [great grampa Ó Kieff] was a patient and sentimental man. When he quit smoking he used to drive behind another wagon where the driver was smoking just to get a whiff. Mary [great gramma McAuliffe-Ó Kieff] was a stern woman but she had a heart of gold. During the late 1800s, she prepared victims of black diphtheria for burial; they were buried at night

Topographical poem of Giolla na neev O'Heerin, who wrote in the 15th century :

"Far beyond the bountiful river Allo,

And westward of Glen-Selcain of stately trees,

Is a fair country of great prosperity,

It is the domain of the princely M'Auliffe."

The heavy armed troops then engaged breast to breast in a dreadful contest, while the Danes left nothing undone to prevent this furious onslaught of the army of the Rí of South Munster, from making an impression on their troops.
Callaghan, at length, singled out Amlav (Auliff) the Danish commander, and by one stroke of his sword split helmet and skull, and laid him dead at his feet. O'Sullivan followed the bright example and engaged Moran, who was called son to the Rí of Dennark, and by a well aimed stroke between the helmet and breast-plate, cut off his head; O'Keeffe ran Magnus, the standard-bearer, through the body ; and after a gallant defence Louchlin was killed by O'Riordan.
Limerick, its history and antiquities; ecclesiastical, civil, and military,from the earliest ages, with copious historical, archaeological, topographical, and genealogical notes, 1884. by Maurice Lenihan , 1811-1895, Duffy, Dublin.

from IRISH FAMILY HISTORY ; RICHARD FRANCIS CRONNELLY, GOODWIN, IRISH CONSTABULARY FORCE, DUBLIN, 1864.

Mac Auliffe The Mac Auliffes, Hibernice Mac-Amhlaomhs, are of the Eugenian race, deriving their descent and surname from Amhlaomh, great grandson of Carthach from whom the Mac Carthys derive, according to the following pedigree of Eoghan Mac Auliffe, son of Auliffe-Og Mac Auliffe and nephew of John and Conor Mac Auliffe.

McAuliffes who support poets' schools
Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh

Edward Walsh:

“Now glooms from afar, o’er the soothing scene,

The tall cliff and the wavy wood,

And mournful and gray are the rude rocks seen,

As heaves the green sod in huge mounds between,

Where Castle Mac Auliffe stood.

“Here frowned the [cheerful] turrets in lordly pride,

Here smiled the [cheerful] chieftain’s hall ;

The clansmen here marshalled in order wide,

"When bonfires high blazed on the mountain’s side,

For battle at Glory’s call.

Here ne’er shall the string of the clarsech wake,

The songs of the hall are o’er,

No more shall the voice of the victor break,

When home o’er the mountains their wild way take,

The Kern and Crahadore.

“The clansmen who battled with Saxon fees,

The chief of the lordly dome,

The [difficulty] at whose call the stout clansmen rose

In death undistinguished all calm repose,

They are gone to their silent home.”

Introduction

'Seachd bliadhna roimli an bhrath, Thig muir thair Eirin ri aon trath, Is thair Da ghuirm ghlais ; Ach snamhaidh I Cholum claraich.
" Seven years before the end of the world, A deluge shall drown the nations.

The sea, at one tide, shall cover Ireland, And the green-headed Islay ;

but Columba'a isle Shall swim above the flood I mo chridhe,

I mo ghraidh,

An aite guth manaidh bithidh geum ba, Ach mun tig an saoghal gu crich, Bithidh I mar a bha.

The isle of my heart, the isle of my love,

Instead of a monk's voice shall be the lowing of cattle.

But before the world comes to an end Iona shall flourish as before. Ulster Journal of Archaeology 1.1, 1853.

NOAH

an occasion ew hemma

kemmys pehas es in beyse ha nynges tarn amendya

may thew an tas dew serrys

gans oil pobell an bysma The occasion is this

So much sin is in (the) world, And there is not a jot of amendment, That the Father God is angered With all (the) people of this world.

GWREANS AN BYS. Kernowek Creation poem. Trans. Whitley Stokes, Creacon of the worlde w lh noyes flude wryten by William Jordan: the Xllth of August 1611.' 1864.

La gleó fri draic ndálach do Michél balc búadach, arsil Ancrist nírach in míl slisgel slúagach.

At the fight with the multitudinous Dragon by St. Michael the strong, victorious, the whitesided hostful soldier will slay wrathful Antichrist. …'Tis dread of the Lord : 'tis love divine, secure: 'tis a casting-forth of devils : 'tis an invitation of angels.
FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ. Translated by Whitley Stokes. Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905.

Three Cries of the world

The cry of the Israelites when they entered the Red Sea, The cry of Hell when Críost carried off his prey from it,

The cry of Doomsday when the righteous separate from the sinners

Book of Lismore

'It is now time,
while the dark bee-glue is eaten away (by the flame) that with all its filth burnt away

by the (flamelike) warmth of the Holy Spirit, our flesh shall shine like wax.'

'Now storing up in our hearts

the hidden breathings of the divine honeycomb, cleansing the inmost cells of the heart,

thou hast filled them with the Word.'

'As a swarm of new bees, leaving its burdens behind, on careless wings seeks with its face (i.e. in direct flight) the heaven which its (inner) spirit has selected. ' Antiphonary of Bangor. Warren. 1895.

From a " Fragment " preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis : "Who can describe the virtues of St. Brendan— his humility agus meekness ;
his charity agus tender compassion ; his patience agus gentleness ; his fasting agus abstinence ; his constant faithfulness in prayer?

Because he had perfectly fulfilled all the Commandments of Críost,

agus had faithfully practised all those virtues agus many others of a like nature, the Blessed Brendan, in a good old age,

among choirs of angels, with great joy agus triumph, amid gleaming lights agus choral psalmody, departed unto the Lord,

to whom be all honour agus glory for ever agus ever ! Amen."

1895 Brendaniana, O Donoghue

Three things whereby' the devil shows himself in man: by his face, by his walk, by his talk.
THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

But Peter said to him, "Explain the parable to us."

And Íosa said, "Are you also still without understanding?
Do you not see that whatever goes into the mouth passes into the stomach and is expelled?

But what comes out of the mouth proceeds from the heart, and this defiles a person.

For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, sexual immorality, theft, false witness, slander.

These are what defile a person. But to eat with unwashed hands does not defile anyone."
Matthew 15

Psalm 3
Help for the Afflicted How many are my foes, 0 Lord!

How many are rising up against me! How many are saying about me: there is no help for him in God.

But You, Lord, are a shield about me; my glory, Who lift up my head. I cry aloud to the Lord. He answers from His holy mountain.

I lie down to rest and I sleep. I wake, for the Lord upholds me.

I will not fear even thousands of people who are ranged on every side against me. Arise, Lord; save me, my God:

You Who strike all my foes on the mouth; You Who break the teeth of the wicked! 0 Lord of salvation, bless Your people. I lie down to rest and I sleep.

I wake, for the Lord upholds me.

'Keeffe of the handsome brown brows Is chief of Irluachair of the fertile lands."

Irish Family History, Being an Historical and Genealogical Account of The Gaedhals, From the Earliest Period to the Present Time by Richard F. Cronnelly (Irish Constabulary Force) Dublin, 1865, Vol 1, p 202.

The Repentance and Sorrow of Éire traditional Gaelic
The protection of the trustful is Dé of the elements To him who seeks His loving purpose;

Hope in Dé is riches agus enduring forever is His mercy.

Well have I loved the dear yoke of Dé, In holiness agus in patience ; Though the mouth be full of dust, Right it is to trust in the Lord. He encourages agus disciplines us, Even thus He forsakes us not ;

On the captive mourning one He bestoweth Mercy together with pity.

Cech noeb, cech noebuag, cech martir,

doruirmes, cech apstal ard, a n-itge leam for Dia atagar, romain ar gach n-gabud n-garc.

Every saint, every holy virgin, every martyr, Every high apostle,

I beseech their prayer for me with God, May it protect me from every rough peril.

A Íosa inmain, rocomalltar amlaid.

Hibernica Minorica, trans. Kuno Meyer, Oxford, 1894.

'Benedicat Deus te et Michael for Moilruain ('says St. Moelruain ') amen.'

Into the other world's realm of peace, wherein is every temple's noise, may the hostful one convey us, St. Comgall the gifted, of Bangor.

FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ. Translated by Whitley Stokes. Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905.

Donough MacConmara, 1700s, Munster Poet being shipped to an tOileán:

> **Do thug an pobal i bhfochair a chéile**
>
> **Chum mo mo chothuighthe i gcogadh nó i spéirlinn -**
>
> **Stór nach g-caillfeadh suim de laethibh,**
>
> **As cófra doimhin a d-toilfinn féin ann;**
>
> **Do bhí seach bh-fichid ubh circe 'gus eunla ann**
>
> **Le h-aghaidh a n-ithte chomh minic 's badh mhéin liom -**
>
> **Cróca ime do dingeadh le saothar As spóla soille ba throime 'ná déarfainn...**

An té nach mbeireann ar an ngnó beireann an gnó air.

[E]ach generation should pay to its successors the debt it owes to its forerunners; that thus, by spending itself for the benefit of its children, the human race ensures the progressive development of all.

1915 St. James Ó Connolly

M1063.4 Chronicles of the Four Masters

St. Ceallach Ua Caeimh, wise man and anchorite, died.

Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis níl a dhath doiligh.

1697, Arthur O'Keeffe of Dunbullog left his manors,lands, etc. to his heir, Daniel, with remainders to his sons Charles and Arthur, Counsellor at Law, who died in London in 1756 and is buried at Westminster Abbey (described in 1740 as of Lincoln's Inn and Bedford Row, London)

From Westminster-Abbey.org In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey is a white marble monument and bust to the memory of lawyer Arthur O'Keeffe. It was designed by Benjamin Palmer and erected in the late 1750s. The inscription reads:

> Near this place lies the Body of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Lineally descended from the [CHIEFS] OF IRELAND, The best of Husbands and the worthiest of Men. Deceit and Guile he knew not: Honesty was an innate principle in him. He is gone to receive the Reward of a Virtuous and well spent Life Died the 26th of September 1756. Near this place lies the Body of ISABELLA the Sincere and Affectionate Wife of ARTHUR O'KEEFFE Esqr. Died the 26th of September 1762.

> Dedi as mó ainces oeni : étrad 7 craes. Tria craes rohindarbad Adam a párdas. Tria craes rommill Iesu a primgeindecht rorec ria brathair ria Iacob ar craibechan '. Finet.
> Two things that are a greater evil than (any) one thing : lust and gluttony. Through gluttony Adam was expelled from Paradise. Through gluttony Esau destroyed his birthright and sold it to his brother Jacob for pottage. Hibernica Minorica, trans. Kuno Meyer, Oxford, 1894.

Local historian John Healy told a story of one Caol MacArt O'Keeffe, who lived the life of a rapparee. On his death bed the local priest told Caol MacArt that he would never see the gates of Heaven. After Caol died the priest, traveling on a lonely road at night, heard the sound of whirlwind and suddenly saw Caol mounted on a white horse on the ditch above him. 'How fares it?' said the priest, 'since you led the life of a robber?' Caol answered that he only robbed the rich in order to give to the poor, and he then vanished. The story is of the time following Cromwell's devastation when many dispossessed Irish gentry who scorned a move 'to Hell or Connaught' were supported by the country folk and lived as outlaws.

Caol Art O'Caoimh. Do bhí muinntir O Chaoimh ag rialiu na h-áite seo uair. I n-aimsear Cromail do cuireadh ar a dtaltaí iad agus dubhradar leo "dul go ifrinn no go Connacht." Do bhí Art pósta agus do chuaidh a bhean agus a chlann go Connacht, ach d'fhan é féin ins na sléibte, agus bhíodh sé ag robáil ós na Sasanaigh. Do bhí capall aige, agus nuair a bhí na Sasanaigh ag dul ó gCorcaig go Mág-Ealla, do chuireadh sé (Art) stop leo, ach do bhí ortha gach a raibh acu do thabáirt dó. Tar-éis tamaill fada do gortuigheadh é, agus nuair a bhí sé ag fágháil bháis, do tháinig an sagart cuige agus dubhairt sé leis, airaí a dheanamh. Dubhairt Art nach n-déanfadh sé é, mar níor dhein sé aon rud ar as an slighe, agus nár goid sé aon rud ó aoinne ach ós na daoine do ghoid uaidh. Dubhairt an sagart leis, go raghadh sé go h-ifrinn. Do gheall Art de'n sagairt go dtiocfadh sé thar nais arís tar-éis a bháis cun innsint do, cá raibh sé. Tar-éis tamaill do bhí an sagairt ag teact abhaile oidhche. Do chonnaic sé (an sagairt) fear agus é ag marchaidheacht capall agus bhí fhios aige, gur ab'é Art a bhí ann. Dubhairt Art leis go raibh sé i bhflatis Dé. Do bhí ionghnad ar an t-

sagart, mar do cheap sé go raghadh Art go Ifrinn.

https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4921861/4896939

"As gold in the furnace He hath proved them,

and as a victim of a holocaust He hath received them,

and in time there shall be respect had to them."

Wisdom 3:6

We certainly used to think of it as a holocaust, back in 1889 AD, whatever happened in Ireland. There is the frontispiece quotation to Fr. Treacys original book about the Penal Law era of Ireland, brought to our attention Newmarket Community Development Association Social Media Page 7 Samhain 2013:

> **Have you ever heard of the Mount Keeffe Chalice? "Apparently one of the branches of the O'Keeffe's presented a chalice to the clergy of Newmarket in the Middle ages. Then, during one of the most violent periods of the Penal Days a certain priest, while celebrating Mass in a lonely glen some few miles north of Newmarket town, was bayoneted to death by Redcoat Soldiers while mass was in progress.**
>
> **He had been using the O'Keeffe Chalice (1590). This older Chalice and other items were looted by the soldiers and local tradition has it, that a tree, bearing a resemblance to the Elevation of the Host, grew in its branches on the spot where the holy priest was murdered."**
>
> **The O'Keeffe Chalice(1735), according to Day was made for Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe, shortly before he died. He was the Catholic Bishop of Limerick from 1720 until his death in 1735. During the height of the Penal Laws and resultant persecution, the Catholic Church of Rome appointed Cornelius of the Glenville-Rathcormac-sect of the**

O’Keeffes. His family tree was traced back to a line of O’Keeffe Chieftains… by Fr. Eoghan O’Keeffe the Genealogist (1656-1726). Cromwell evicted Denis (the bishop’s father) from his estate at Glenville. When evicted, the family after much pain and suffering, finally found refuge on a thirty-acre hill farm at Templeglantine, Co. Limerick on the Estate of Sr. William Courtney. This Estate according to Fr.T.O. Muirthile S.P.(Glor Inse Ban 1994) seemed to have been a favourite refuge for despoiled Gaels. The Bishop was the youngest of 6 boys. The family descendants were in Templeglantine until the 1950s’ and claimed The [Fir Maige Féne First Nation] O’Keeffe Chieftains connection right up to the end.

..a prudent, chaste, and amiable man was he ; and a learned and truly skilful poet, as well as an expert and cultured scholar, in the original tongue of his country and of his ancestors… There you have, O stone—my loss !—beneath your side, weak, a priest who was cultured, and who was perfect in the law of the Son of God ; a radiant watchman of the blood of O'Keeffe, bravest in the fight ; a historian who for a season wrote truthfully about the Gaels. . Written by Bishop John O'Brien, 1726, on a gravestone in Oldcourt carved by Donncad O'Dailag half a mile west of where Fr. Eoghan O'Keeffe was a parish priest in Doneraile. Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society, Volume 3, p. 348, 1894.

Doneraile Catholic Church Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary By Michael Shine

The first parish priest of Doneraile enrolled under the Registration Act was

Tadhg O'Dálaigh, pastor from 1686 to 1717. He was ordained in Rouen in France in 1669. He lived in Carker, was a Gaelic poet, and, probably said Mass legally on the Mass Rock in Carker Middle. He was succeeded by Eoghan O'Caoimh who was in charge of the parish from 1717 to 17 26. He had been married, and was ordained a priest after his wife's death. Eoghan was an even more famous Gaelic poet and scholar. He is buried in front of the ruin of the old churh of Rossdoyle in Oldcourt graveyard. Three of Eoghan O'Caoimh's successors are buried within the walls of this medieval church. Their names and years of their ministry are: Fr. John Cotter (1739-1784), Fr. James Cotter (1784-1799) and Fr. Lewis Walsh (1799-1815).

> Book of Munster, compiled by Fr. Eoghan Ó Caoimh, 1703.
> the druid and his daughter Muncha went to Western Magh Femhin, for there was Eoghan's residence at Knockgraffon. When the time came for the child to be born, the druid said, "Daughter, if it is today that you shall bear the child, he shall be a druid; but if he is not born until tomorrow, the child shall be Rí and his descendants shall be a royal race." Muncha said: "My son shall not be born until tomorrow so that he shall be Rí. The daughter of Dil's then goes to the River Suir, to Ath Hisil on the Suir. There was a great flagstone in the middle of the ford there — she lay flat on the stone until daybreak on the following day. “It is time now, O daughter,” said her father, "to bear the child." The wonderful talented youth was then born, in the middle of the flagstone that is Fiacha Muilleathan [Fiacha Flat–head] — father of all the Eoghanachta.
>
> Then the Men of Munster said to Dil: “Accept our thanks and go at once to ask Mogh Roith if he can help us.” -Forbuis St. Molaga direct

descent from Mogh Ruith, per Calendar of Aengus, If memory serves on source.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land, Heap of uncementing sand ; Crumbled by a foreign weight And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.
From THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR. A.D. 1797.
Gills Irish Reciter, JJ Ó Kelly, 1918

Limerick, its history and antiquities 1884. by Maurice Lenihan, pp. 43-44 "The see of Limerick...remained without a Catholic bishop from the period of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Moloney in 1702, to the year 1720, wholly owing to the ceaseless persecutions which continued to rage after the success of King William, and the passionate vehemence of the dominant faction, which could only satiate its vengeance by depriving the Catholics of every shred of political power and social position, in violation of solemn treaties, and against the dictates of reason and of justice. At length the Court of Rome judged it proper to confer the dignity of the see on Cornelius O'Keeffe, a native of the county Cork, of the ancient family of the O'Keeffes of ClounnaPhricane. He had studied with distinction at Toulouse, where he became a doctor of divinity, and he enjoyed the rectorship of the parish of St. Chronicleu, in the diocese of Nantz, when the Holy See selected him to supply the position which had been occupied by a long line of illustrious men who preserved the faith in the midst of every danger. Denis O'Keeffe, the father of the bishop, was expelled

from his old family estate of " Dun", on the river Bride, by the ruthless Cromwell".- After many hardships he settled at Drumkeene, in the county of Limerick, where he left six sons, viz., Daniel, Dermott, Philip, Donatus, Luke, and Cornelius, the bishop.

In the year above mentioned, Cornelius O'Keeffe took possession of his see of Limerick, which he carefully governed for the space of seventeen years, his death having taken place in 1737. He founded three burses in the Irish College of Paris for boys of the name of O'Keeffe, of the family he was himself; he prescribed rules for the government of the burses, and gave money on his visit in 1731 to Paris for their support. The wording of the will occasioned litigation between Dr. O'Keeffe's successor in the see of Limerick, viz., Dr. Robert Lacy, and Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Cork. The latter persisted on the literal interpretation of the will as being in favour of the subjects of the Cork diocese. The suit was carried before the courts of Paris, where it was left re infecta [unfinished]. Dr. O'Keeffe endured severe persecution. He with other prelates was denounced to the government by one Rev. John Hennessey, whom he had suspended, and who in the old way, for the purpose of revenge, and to ingratiate himself with the no-popery faction of the day, fabricated a conspiracy, of which, however, nothing resulted save some violent resolutions of the House of Commons...”

Question. In what state were the psalms in the beginning ? Not hard to tell. In fragments and scattered until the Babylonian captivity, when the slaves came into the temple with the canon, when the fourth famous leader came from captivity, to wit, Ezra. It is he to whom the Holy Spirit granted to renew them through his mouth, and he it is who gathered them in one

book...

...

Question. What is it that makes this [first]psalm precede all the other psalms ? Not difficult. Because virtue and morality abound therein. For it is through mercifulness that righteousness and belief are attained. That is conspicuous to us from Cornelius the centurion. For it was the deeds of his mercifulness that brought him to righteousness and belief. Because, however, it is through mercifulness and righteousness that belief is arrived at, it is fit that the psalm in which action and virtue and morality abound should be in front of the psalms.

HIBERNICA MINORA BEING A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD-IRISH TREATISE ON THE PSALTER, KUNO MEYER, CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, 1894.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Dublin 1898 IRISH EXILES IN BRITTANY ...The most distinguished of those who entered into the ministry in France was undoubtedly the Reverend Cornelius O'Keeffe, who attained such eminence as to justify us in giving an extended notice of his life. He came of an ancient family who had large possessions in the county Cork from which they were expelled during the Cromwellian period...

was enabled by the favour of the Holy See to give what remained of his life to the service of his native land. The circumstances under which he returned home were of the most honourable kind, as he was appointed during March, 1720, by Papal Brief, bishop of his native diocese. The see had been vacant for eighteen years owing to the troubled times, and had been ruled during that period by the parish priest of Eathkeele, the Very Rev. James Stretch. Although his life in Limerick does not directly aflfect

our purpose here, yet we may say in passing that his tenure of office was marked by many notable occurrences. With the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Cork he was denounced as being in conspiracy with the Papal Nuncio at Brussels to restore James II. to the throne of England. An inquisition was ordered by the authorities, and the papers of the Bishop of Cork were seized ; but no compromising documents were found, and the charge was abandoned

...Dr. 0'Keeffe was held in high esteem in Rome, which appointed him Delegate Apostolic in 1732 to settle a dispute between the Archbishop of Tuam and the Warden of Galway, and the choice of him for this high office places him among the most able prelates of his time...

The last mention of his name in the annals of Brittany, occurs in connection with some benefices held by him in the parish of Machecoul, in the diocese of Nantes. In the annals of that parish we read, that on September 25th, 1737 ;— Messire Christophe Fuchant de Lorme, presentateur des benefices fondes par dame Guillemette Giraud, oh Teglise de la Trinity de Machecoul, sur la connaissance qu'il a eu depuis peu du deces de Monsigneur O'Keeffe eveque de Limerick en Irlande dernier titulaire, presente un titulaire pour les benefices et pour la chapellenie de Notre Dame La Noire ou desclercs a Ste. Croix de Machecoul.^ It is worthy of note, that his successor in these benefices was also of Irish or English extraction, as we read in the records of the parish that in 1751 the priest who held them was Guillaume Fitzharris Giffard, who then lived in Paris. From this we may gather how scarce French priests were at this period, or else how highly esteemed the Irish priests were by those who were responsible for ecclesiastical appointments

The Mount Keeffe Chalice was presented according to Mrs

Sheehan(1978-'79) - Seanchas Duthalla Journal, by the 'Newmarket(Mount Keeffe) O'Keeffes'. During the worst of Penal Times mass was celebrated in Gleann an Aifrinn, on the MCAuliffe farm. During wet weather it was said in the house of nearby Mr. O'Keeffe.

Later accounts by Seanchas Duthalla Journals – by Mrs E. Sheehan(1978/'79), records the story and names Sean O'Reilly of Mallow and the late Dan Casey of Newmarket and Fr. James Wilson, Chaplain of Mount Alvernia. "A Mr. Clancy of Doneraile first told Mr. O'Reilly that he had noticed the Chalice on a visit to the Victoria & Albert Museum". She named the priest that were saying the mass, when the chalice was seized, as [Righterous Martyr Saint] Fr. Gallivan, and an unnamed priest [Righterous Martyr Saint] from Kerry.

"The Red Coats looted the chalice and the vestments and other church items". Neither Casey, the news article reporter, Sean O'Reilly, nor did Seanchas Duthalla Articles by Mrs Sheehan make reference to the other chalice (now known as the Bishop Cornelius O'Keeffe Chalice).

Stowe [Lorrha] Missal

§2 The chalice is the symbol of the church, which has been set and founded on the persecution and on the martyrdom of the prophets and others.

At the 2016 Ó Keeffe Clan Gathering at the very same mentioned Chalice

tree, Mr. Raymond Sullivan brings specific attention to the Priests educated on the Continent that Fr. Treacy addresses:

> **Raymond O'Sullivan at The O'Keeffe Chalice Tree in Newmarket with a tour group from the O'Keeffe Clan Gathering, Drom Tarbh Meán Fómhair 2016**
>
> **At the time of the Penal Laws, there wasn't any great objection to parochial clergy. What they were very very much afraid of were friars from across the seas, because the friars were usually of one of the [noble] families. They would have been related to the O'Keeffes, to the chieftains, to the O'Callaghans.**
>
> **I heard one story about this place that will tell you what Mr. in Newmarket had to put up with. I read it in a letter, to the Lord I think he was complaining, he was always complaining, indeed he did more. He was in an outpost here. A bit of civilization as far as he was concerned**
>
> **... would have been in Castle Island, which maybe would be twenty miles away as the crow flies.**
>
> **But, when he was on his way to Limerick, about two or three miles from the town, he passed through this village, and there was a crowd of people here and he said there might have been up to a thousand men.**
>
> **He said that the O'Keeffe was there and the McAulliffe and the O'Callaghan. And he said there were two brothers of O'Callaghans there who were friars from across the sea and he was very upset**

about it. And he wanted more help to sorta keep the thing under control. But they were called to account, anyway, and they were taken to some quarters to some other place to be called to account.

And the reason that they gave for being there was that they had met by accident, that it was just a chance meeting, that they were just passing through. So it should tell you what respect they had for law and order and things. Transcribed from video.

Fifteen Hundred Years of Wholistic Genocide on Great and Holy Munster. Fr. Treacy grew up in Tipperary as the poems attest.

Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, Intro to Gaelic Sermons of St. James Gallagher: [A]....powerful element, at once of enterprise and hostility, was excited anew in the breast of every Briton, namely, love of [sordid] gain—love of acquiring new lands and increased territorial possessions, together with an ill-regulated desire for power, for plunder, and self-indulgence.

Ireland, so long, secure from the attacks of the legions of Imperial Rome...now quite near to Britain, was no longer secure from aggression. This island was a territory in which at that time religious hate, love of land and uncontrolled power could be satisfied to the fullest extent by those who sought a field to exercise these favorite failings.

Under the influence of a hostile spirit, rendered delirious by religious mania, and insensible to every emotion that ennobles human nature, the Penal Laws, during the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Charles, Cromwell, and Anne, were enacted.

In the same demonic spirit, as Mr. Froude shows (History of England vol. c., p 509) were carried on the wars which devastated [Deas Mhumhain] and the principalities of Ó Neill and Ó Donnell, the territories of Ó Rourke, MacGuire, MacMahon, and Ó Dogherty.

The...Penal Laws uprooted and almost complete destroyed Catholicism in England ; it ruined, exiled or destroyed the Catholics of the Pale—the English settlement in [Occupied] Ireland [see 'The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves,' edited by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus—London, Burns, and Oates. 'Sufferings of the Irish Catholics', by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory]...

...How did it fair with that land of heroes after the Flight of the Earls?

The former state of things was completely changed. The territorial possessions were confiscated, the people's religion proscribed, the bishops banished, priests persecuted, churches demolished, monasteries made desolate, the land taken from the native proprietors and sold to adventurers [Venture Capitalists] from London, or even from other parts of England and from Scotland—the creed of the conquerors imposed on the Catholics.

The natives were told off to Connacht or to another [colony] more remote. Those who remained became hewers of wood and drawers of water. As the early christians fled from Jerusalem to Pella before the armies of Vespasian and his son Titus, so the Catholics of Donegal fled from the towns and took refuge in the mountains and in the remote glenns of the hallowed country of Tyrconnell. At the hands of an infuriate and bigoted soldiery, wild with lawless desire of plunder and lucre, and maddened with a religious fanaticism [protestant dominionist fundamentalist zeal, Ideology, Nativism], the Catholic Kelts of the North received no quarter and obtained

no mercy … …The men who composed the Anglo-Irish Parliament at Dublin were animated with a kindred spirit. It is painful to present such a picture as this of the state of [Occupied] Ireland at the time but it is true. If to see it, and contemplate its horrors is painful, it must have been, in its reality, one of intense horror to those who endured its galling weight of woe. Facts must be recorded no matter how painful must be their recital.'

“Yes, the living, the mangled, the scarified, with the crazed responsibility of remembering everything, everything.” ― Edna O'Brien, The Little Red Chairs

St. Mugrón

O crucified Christ. O Judge of Doom, have mercy on us.

Desmond Rushe, Theatre: The Roots of Identity, Éire-Ireland, A Journal of Irish Studies, The Irish American Cultural Institute, 1974. Father Pat Ahern ...has simplified the fundamental notion of culture as 'us, being ourselves' and has written: 'Being ourselves means being all that history has made us -- a distinctive people with a distinct set of preferred values, handed down and accepted by us, with out own peculiar ways of thinking and behaving, our own peculiar temperament, wit, sense of humour -- like a member of a family, you cannot help it; you cannot deny it. Being ourselves mean being what our position on the map has made us -- and island people, what our climate has made us, imposing on us a particular way of life, dependent on the soil, a closeness to nature and the elements, and to the beauties of creation, and with a consequent keen sense of values

of life -- values that take account of a Creator... The strength of any culture depends on the degree of its acceptance by the current generation...

There is a sense in which we do not own our own culture. We are only trustees. The treasure is only on loan, and we must take it, refurbish it

inlight of our experience, and hand it on.

We have a duty to do this, at the risk of betraying the dead generations who moulded it for us and trusted it to us, and at the risk of doing a grave wrong to generations yet to come by depriving them of an inalienable right -- the right to a separate national identity.'

“The chain is only as strong as its weakest link, for if that fails the chain fails and the object that it has been holding up falls to the ground.”

— Thomas Reid, Essays on the Intellectual Powers of [Daoine]

Trí adcoillet gáis: anfis, doas, díchuimne.

Three things that ruin wisdom: ignorance, inaccurate knowledge, forgetfulness.

Linguistic Shenanigans: who politicised the Irish language in Ireland? by Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair The whole island of Ireland is the native homeland of the Irish nation. Our rich ancient indigenous language, culture and heritage identify us as the unique and distinguishable settled nation we’ve been since long before the English language existed...

Specific traumatizing experiences for the Irish (per Lee and Moane) include systematically treated as an “inferior race” by the oppressing culture (British), subjection to starvation (the Irish Famine) even while vast

quantities of foods were being exported, indiscriminate killings, land grabs, religious persecution, language and music censorship, and educational oppression. Indeed, many Irish today continue to reference their disdain of past British actions... Exploring Irish Multigenerational Trauma and Its Healing: Lessons from the Oglala Lakota (Sioux) 12 Aibreán 2012. Coll et al.

BRIAN FRIEL'S "language of theater" has been said to address "deepening ironies and contradictions of our age". Clearly, ironies of language are evident in his play Translations... ... The British had long sought to prevent the Gaelicization of English settlers and to facilitate colonial rule of the "primitive" Irish by requiring use of English. In 1367 the Statutes of Kilkenney barred Gaelic speech from "the Pale" and courts of law. When in 1800 the empire officially subsumed Ireland into its "United Kingdom," as Dean identifies, the "long disputed colony" became "integral to the imperial power. and yet remained a problematic element within it. The Inauguration of an Irish national school system in 1833, the year in which Translations is set, can therefore be seen to perpetuate a longstanding tradition of cultural suppression in Ireland. Sarah E. Wheaton Colby Quarterly, Volume 37, no.3, September 2001, p.236-246

Yolland: Poteen - poteen - poteen. Even if I did speak Irish I'd always be an outsider here, wouldn't I? I may learn the password but the language of the tribe will always elude me, won't it? The private core will always be... hermetic, won't it? Yolland leans back down against the creele.
Eógan: You can learn to decode us.

Brian Friel Translations

[T]he message that we can attribute to the male transmitters of the legends of the cailleach and the bean feasa … is that essentially feminine conceptions of power and wisdom operate along with and outside of male authority in the patriarchal world and that such conceptions are traditionally resorted to and invoked to contain and make meaningful… experiences of affliction …

Gearóid Ó Crualaoich, The Book of the Cailleach, University College Cork Press, 2003

"…For every oral transmission dependent culture, when silencing occurs, the myth is broken. The myth can be passed on not only through language, but also through ritual, that is, involvement with the body. The act of storytelling through ritual is essential to ensure cultural regeneration. "Riddles and sophisticated wordplay are a reminder of the origin of all sacred mysteries: Breath, or the Word itself" (Sharkey, 13). Perhaps this is telling of why the Eucharist in Catholicism is so important—it is a repeated act of the body; a ritual that involves not only the Word, but the Body in unity…."Mythology contains the residue of our cultural trauma, particularly the residue of women's history. A reinterpretation of this mythology is essential, yes—but are we looking in the right spaces?
Silently Sheela-Na-Gig Speaks: Memory, Mythos, and the Female Body
Amber C. Snider, City University of New York

"I eased my head into the wild form of the hare and I asked that primordial wild form to heal my head and to [remove] my European [western canon] education." — John Moriarty

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our

bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories ; and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings lit tie short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations .... Irish Minstrelsy, Hardiman vol II, 1831.

the Virtues, Learning, Eloquence, and Patriotism of the Irish Bishops, Priests and Students of the Penal Days... IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: GLIMPSES OF THEIR LABORS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY

"IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her...cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past...

...We declare the right ... to be sovereign... The long usurpation of that right...has not extinguished that right...In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national...sovereignty... Proclamation of 1916

Fenian Proclamation 5 Márta 1867 Is iomaí athrú a chuireann lá Márta dhe "We have suffered centuries of outrage, enforced poverty, and bitter misery. Our rights and liberties have been trampled on by an alien aristocracy, who treating us as foes, usurped our lands, and drew away from our unfortunate country all material riches. The real owners of the soil were removed to make room for cattle... But we never lost the memory and hope of a national existence.

Trees and Native Irish Law~ Brehon Law, the native legal system of Ireland is incredibly forward-thinking, eschewing corporal punishment for fines and other forms of restitution. It provides extensive protection for trees, classified in four groups: Nobles of the Wood, Commoners of the Wood, Lower Divisions of the Wood, and Bushes of the Wood. In some cases the penalty for unlawfully felling a chieftain tree could be the same as the penalty for killing a human chief...

I am the Old Woman of Beare, An ever-new smock I used to wear : To-day —such is my mean estate— I wear not even a cast-off smock. THE LAMENT OF THE OLD WOMAN OF BEARE

In our prophecies it is told that we are now at the crossroads: Either unite spiritually as a global nation, or be faced with chaos, disasters, diseases, and tears from our relatives' eyes.

Lakota Keeper of Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe Chief Arvol Looking Horse

It is the Island of pious, generous chieftains ; It is the Island of orderly, excellent hospitallers ; The Island which supported hosts and wanderers ; The Island of divines and of nobles, the bulwark of sovereignty

St. Donatus' description of Ireland in the ninth century

[Ollam ríg Donnchadh Ó Caoimh's] son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful [Rí], who after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O'Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity. The last part of their inheritance, called Pobal Uí Chaoimh, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now William's Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine irish name, Pobal Uí Chaoimh...

The lands were finally confiscated after 1692, and eventually disposed of by the Hollow Sword Blade Company [HSBC].

CERT CECH RIG CO RÉIL 1912 T. O'donoghue, Selected and remixed. Give thanks to God; it is not too much, o [chief]; it is your duty, o [chief]; offer [God] thanks for every benefit. Of the Clann Eógain, without concealment,

whether freeman or active stranger, honour every man as if he were a [chief] or a prince.

Regret for the long-pillaged land of our Dúchas, When earth was all gladness and life knew but joy; Oh! Could I recall them - those bright golden hours, When O'Keeffes and O'Duggans loved our home in Fermoy.

1. Azure, a lion rampant or, for O'Keeffe, 2. Sable, an armed knight proper, on a grey horse, ground vert, 3. or, a peacock in its pride proper, 4. vert, three lizards in pale or, impaling or a chevron ermine, between three trefoils slipped proper. The supporters are two lions rampant and the motto Forti et Fideli nihil difficile [Do na daoine atá cróga agus dílis, níl a dhath doiligh.]...

“Bhí bean ag cuardach a dearbhrathar i bhfad ó bhaile.”

Mallow Field Journal #9 1991, Kilshannig Mythology,Tales and Beliefs, John J. Kavanaugh "The most popular legend holds that Cleena was one of the two daughters of Draoi Rua - Redheaded Druid ... of Fermoy. Cliona (Cleena) was lovely but her sister Aoivel was "all beautiful". They both fell in love with Ó Caoimh of Cullen (Cullen Uí Chaoimh near Millstreet). He first turned his thoughts on Cliona, but Aoivel won him. Cliona then called on her old nurse to teach her magic spells to punish Aoivel. Her enchantments worked and Aoivel declined. Her beauty faded and after a lingering illness she died - or so it seemed, but Cliona and her nurse took the spell-bound Aoivel from her vault and carried her to a cave under Castle Cor - five miles north-east of Fermoy. When she awoke and still confessed her love for Ó Caoimh, Cliona waved her wand and changed her into a beautiful white cat, to be imprisoned for ever in that cave. Cliona succeeded in marrying Ó Caoimh and bore him a son and two daughters. In time Ó Caoimh learned of the terrible fate of Aoivel, and he requested Cliona to set her free from the enchantment. She admitted that she wished to set her free, but could not do so, as she had lost her magic wand! She had, however. told Aoivel that Ó Caoimh was killed in battle against the Norse invaders at Dundalk, and she had become reconciled to her loss. This was too much for Ó Caoimh, and Cliona and her children were banished from Cullin. They retired to the fairy palace at Carraig Cliona. When her daughters grew to

womanhood, she restored them to their father, and as the story goes, the both made good marriages - one to the O'Neill of Ulster and the other to the O'Connor of Connacht. Cliona's son became the figure-head of the Ó Caoimh Clan.

Michael Collin's friend Piaras Béaslaí:
“ Michael heard many a wonderful tale of Clíodhna's enchantments, of wrecks and perils, and drownings and treasure trove.

[An Draoi Ruadh Donnchadh Ó Caoimh's] son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful [Loyal Orange Lodge LOL] king, who after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O’Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity.
The last part of their inheritance, called Pobal Uí Chaoimh, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now William’s Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine irish name, Pobal Uí Chaoimh.

One of O’Keeffe’s daughters was married to the [chief] of Ulster, and the other to the Connaught [chief], with whom they enjoyed prosperity and happiness.

Cleena sometimes comes to Castlecor to visit her sister, and remains to condole with her on the loss of the wand, which rendered her unable to

restore her primitive form. The power of the spell was so great that in all her science she could not discover what would enable her to dissolve the enchantment.

Now she must await the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures. In the event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled.'

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897
Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster

AN CAT BÁN Tharla, oíche amháin, go raibh ceathrar fhear imithe go Leaba Chaillí….agus iad ag lorg óir. Bhí an ghealach go hard sa spéir is iad ar an mbealach abhaile agus cheap siad nach rud aon rud le deanamh acu ach an t-ór a bhaint amach. Stad siad ag an uaimh agus bhí braoinín acu… ionas, tá a fhios agat, go mbeadh misneacht acu agus job mar sin ar siul acu. Bhuel mar a deir an sean fhocal "Tús maith leath ne hoibre" so thosaigh na fir ag tochailt. Bhí siad ag tochailt is ag tiochailt is ag tiochailt agus deamhain ar bith le fail acu. Sa deireadh thiar, stop duine amháin acu. "Is doigh liom, " a deir sé, "go bhfuil sé in am dúinn dul abhaile." Bhuel níl raibh na focail ráite aige nuair a léim sé amach….. cat mór ait…súile feargacha ag faire orthu go gear, agus eireaball fada ag síneadh amach agus é faoi thine. Bhuel lig na lads scread astu.. a leithéid nach raibh le cloisteáil le fada an lá. Chas siad díreach ar a ruitíní agus thosaigh siad ag rith chomh tapaidh agus ab fhéidir leo. Níor stop siad gur shroich siad an abhainn. Leim siad isteach agus is oth liom a rá gur bháidh duine amháin. Níl orm le rá nach raibh teaspaí ar éinne eile dul ag lorg óir i Leaba Chaillí as sin amach.14 Chonaic mé cheana thú, arsa an cat leis an mbainne te.

Heather Smith, Fermoys Best Folkorist

THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or “gentle”, who was the head of the illustrious sept of O’Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including the fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the [chief] of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity of the [chief] of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct.
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society, March 1897
Cliodhna, the Queen of the [Sí] of South Munster

duchas.ie from Baile Uí Ghrádaigh, Ceann Tuirc, Ballygrady South, Co. cork The "White Cat" in Castle Cor in the barony [a Norman Distinction] of Duhallow Co. Cork In Castle Cor there is a cave, in which lives a "White Cat." Once upon a time there lived a Druid named Keeffe the last of the druids. ….In the cave there are beautiful treasures[said to shine as with a light from within], which the cat possesses. It is said that when the right owner will come back again to Castle Cor that if he runs short of money, it will be easy for him to enter the cave and he shall get everything he wants.

And see the Irish nation Advance by rapid leaps and hops To be a race of

Saxon fops? Ireland, that's what ye'll become Wid all this education!
THE EMERALD ISLE or THE CAVES OF CARRIG-CLEENA

written by Basil Hood, composed by Arthur Sullivan and Edward German

McDonogh,Ealla's good lord, and the people brave in the battle-throng, the brave O Keefes and O Callaghans. i6. The O Mahonys and the McKennas , the noble O'Sullivans, brave Mac Gillacuddy, that martial warrior hero. McAuliffes who support poets' schools, the modestvisaged O'Donohoes, whose glory is preeminence in sharp good lances, and the fierce-armed McFineens. * 18. The O Hehirs are of the same stock, and the brave O Moriarties. Count the O Donovans of them too...

O'KEEFFE, James George (1865–1937) J. G. O'Keeffe was an exceptionally gifted man with an attractive personality, being brilliant in conversation, full of wit and quick at repartee. His father was a ... farmer living near Kanturk .... He inherited from his own people a fine Irish culture including an excellent knowledge of traditional Irish dancing of which he was a most graceful exponent'. Scríobh Fionán Mac Coluim in Irish Book Lover XXVI Uimhir 2, 1935: 'I remember his conducting a large Irish class for us at the rooms of the Irish Literary Society, Adelphi Terrace, soon after we started the Gaelic League at Chancery Lane. O'Keeffe's class, owing to his own connection with the Irish Literary Society, was attended by many of its prominent members... Diarmuid Breathnach Máire Ní Mhurchú

Poem on the Day of Judgement Editor and translator: J. G. O'Keeffe
https://www.ucd.ie/tlh/text/jok.eriu.3.001.text.html
Of Thy vast mercy protect me at all times, put into my soul

Thy great love, that it may be overflowing with love for Thee.

That I may be wheat in Thy granary on the day when the chaff is burned, that I may carry off victory and triumph yonder in the rout of Doom.

"The three tools that are called Crooked against Crooked, Corner against Corner, and Engine against deceit."
THE GLOSS GAVLEN Narrator, JOHN McGiNTY, Achill Island, co Mayo.
WEST IRISH FOLK-TALES AND ROMANCES, WILLIAM LARMINIE, 1893.

Sgiath na h-Eamhna The Lochlannachs held potent sway Over the men in Occupied Ireland, Until Lughadh Lámhfháda arrived And fought the Battle of Moytuir

History's witness will persevere. Let us muster as a ring fort To guard and cherish our oidhreacht... .

..May God look kindly on generations Past and present and yet unborn, Give fortitude, so we'll join together, Always willing to share and learn.
Tommy Frank Ó Connor

Success to loved Erin, all blessings upon her ! While breezes Atlantic waft health to her shores, And O may her sons by no act of dishonour Make nations look towards her in scorn. -Playwright John O'Keeffe

They saw this Ireland trampled dowm ; They hoped no mercy from the foe ; In wasted field and ruined town Altar and hovel tumbled low ; And by the Harp that wears no Crown They swore to lay the Saxon low.
John F. O'Donnell, The Question, Mór Cluana air

'...In his book, Green and Gold: The Wrenboys of Dingle, local author Steve MacDonogh says, "The Wren is an explosion of light, color, and boisterous exhuberance in the midst of winter's gloom, and has continued as an unbroken tradition—changing, but never dying out." The great tradition in Dingle is quite competitive , with Wren Boys vying for bragging rights for "best turn-out", "best music," and "best rigs." ...'— Margaret Johnson, Irish Puddings, Tarts, Crumbles, and Fools: 80 Glorious Desserts

In these dark days of doom and disaster, Is it dead, the old love for our land ? Are our bosoms less brave than our fathers' ? Comes the sword-hilt less deft to the hand ? No, we've proved us the wide world over, Wherever war's surges have rolled ; And we'll raise once again in old Ireland Our colours, the green and the gold.
RD Joyce, Songs of the Gael

There is a proverb to be used at times " getting out is different from going in." ...Were I the only man alive of Eibhear's race — that is the truth of the matter — I would not leave you a single foot of land in the North as the price of peace with you.

Art Óg Ó Caoimh,CONTENTION OF THE BARDS

Forbhais Droma Dámhgháir/
Fiacha Muilleathan gives Fermoy to Mogh Ruith and descendants ***forever*: "The soil of this area was brought to Mogh Roith and this was earth he chose as his own saying: 'Sliab um figh. figh um magh. magh cu srothaihh sainemlaibh. fo midhabunn. fo sruthabunn. fo nemhleith. rasuighthe sealg. sernfaid slechtaibh. sluaghuibh sochaidibh solmhaibh. airdíbh echtghonaighaigsig anairmrinnid. iarann fou, iarunn forro. fir mhu**

mna fir mu maic. fir mu cliom. fir muichit. fir dianaibh togairter do neimib nathrach do chaidib dracon. co lutha lonnaidi co lainnibh langhaile. mar luisin lanadhbhuil. fo lasair lainerdha. letras fraech for cocnus figh silas sliabh". Sliab.'

All through the night I grumble at the lack of light Mumble wrongs, stumble on rights The Moon loses its Memory Cormac Ó Caoimh

'- a famous contention - the feast of John [will come] upon the Gael, so that there shall not be of the race of noble Gaels save one-third unslain. 42. The single third which will be left on that day of the host of the Gael and the foreigners, oh Son of Mary...' The Beheading of John the Baptist by Mog Ruith translated from Middle Irish by Annie M. Scarre, 1910

Caoimhín Ó Danachair. "The Holy Wells of Corkaguiney." The Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland 90.1 (1960): 76. " MacDonough (op cit) explains:

A particular association of the [Tobar Nm. Eóin near Castle Minard] well which has contributed to the long survival of religious observance here is the legend connecting St John the Baptist with the Corea Dhuibhne people.

This legend asserted that John the Baptist was beheaded by an Irish druid called Mogh Roith (the Slave of the Wheel) from Valentia Island on the other side of Dingle Bay, and prophesied that the Irish people - and especially the Corca Dhuibhne - would be called upon to pay for the crime at a date when certain time divisions coincided.

In 1096 it was thought that the appointed time was approaching, and Ireland was seized with a panic... Rigorous fasting and prayer were undertaken, and it is probably from this date that the well

derived its importance, along with many others dedicated to St John the Baptist."

Become someone new Believe in something true -- Cormac Ó Caoimh

Mogh Ruith Genealogy Rawlinson B 502, 157 Z36 Translated into english by Erik Stohellou Mug Roith, son of Fergus, of which come the men of Mag Fene. He went to learn the magic with the Druid Simon. And with him he made the rolling Wheel - which will come to Europe before the Doom - in the year before Simon had a fight with Paul and Peter. And Europe will therefore be addressed because of the pupil from each breed (?), who was with Simon in the fight against Peter. Cacht, daughter of Cathmand, [chief] of the Britons, was Mother of Mog Ruith. Roth son of Riguill educated him. Therefore, it is called Mug Roith. Two sons of Mog Ruith: Buan and Fercorb. DerDraig, mother of two sons of Mog Ruith and the mother of Cairpre Lifechar: two sisters from the Corco Barddeine de Dun Chermna. Dron, however, the daughter of Lairine was the wife of Mog Ruith. And the daughter of Mog Ruith was Tlachtga * and she was pregnant of the three sons of Simon before she came back from the East, and she gave birth to his three sons. And they brought the pillars of the Cnamchaill viz the only Remnants of the broken Wheel. Everyone blind, shall see it, deaf, hears it, dead, it will fall on him. © Erik Stohellou - 2011**

St. John's Night/Midsummer The people of this district in olden times used to look forward to St. John's day, which is commemorated on the 24th June, for it was a great time of merrymaking for them. On the eve of this day they could be seen drawing logs of wood, turf, and everything they could procure to make a good bone-fire to an appointed cross-road. When the fire was lit the people gathered round it, and a lively dance went on.

The ringing laughter and the merry shouts of the dancers could be heard for miles around. This great night of amusement was commonly called Bon-fire night. May Morning On May morning the people get up early to judge the point from which the wind is blowing. If it be blowing from the north it is an omen of a good Summer. If from the south a bad Summer, and if it is blowing from the west a harsh Summer, and the very opposite if it be blowing from the east.642 Joan O'Keefe Parkstown

A PORTRAIT. From an unnumbered loose sheet of MS. in the Franciscan Library, Merchants' Quay, Dublin. By J.G. O'Keeffe, 1912, for Kuno Meyer Gaeilge: https://archive.org/details/cu31924026503148/page/n267 1 The mind of my dear comrade seek ye not for fear of reproach; even were it possible to find it tis certain its like could not be found. 2 Reserved is the mind of Ua Fiachrach. ever -gentle, soft-spoken youth; friendly towards all to whom he comes, yet loving not one in twenty. 3 A trick at each corner of the board even to the extent of changing the chessmen; as he places his snares destruction is certain that is the secret of my companion's gambling. 4 A fickle man who is of us and of you, a hand with every hand that is strongest even to the extent of throwing the dice; the most faithful man in the world

A LULLABY
Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin trans. James Clarence Mangan

The last, not least, of thy weapons, my son,

Shall be the glittering glaive of O'Dunn,

The gift from Aenghus' powerful hands,

The hewer-downer of the Fenian bands

With edge so fine !

O hushaby, hushaby, child of mine !

Féinchosaint. Hy-Regan.

Paternal Great Grampa Eddie Dunn comforted Gram as a caillín:

'Just remember you're Eddie Dunn's daughter' she told me at 98 years old.

Mullach abú. Up Laois.

Over Uí Riagain of heavy routs
A vigorous tribe who conquer in battle-axes
Is Ó Duinn, chief of demolition
Hero of the golden battle-spears

Ó Dugan, Topographical poems

The chief fort of the O'Duggans was named Dun Manann, and it was most likely near Loch Luingi, and not far from Doneraile. According to O'Heerin, " Triath u Fear Muighi na mur ccorr O' Dubhagain Diun Manann, Foireann gaoil na sed soraidh, O' Caoimh, gecc a Gleandomhain. "
" The lord of Feara Muighe of smooth mounds, O' Dubhagain of the Fort of Man, Tribe of relations of prosperous wealth, O' Caoimh, branch of Glan worth. " The territory of O'Duggan (O'Dubhagain) extended from Glais Muilinn Mairteil (" Stream of Mill of Mairtel") most likely Abha na gCaorach (Sheep-river) to Loch Luingi (mentioned in Tripartite Life of St. Patrick), and to Gleann nan Dibergach ("Valley of Robbers") on Moin Mhor (" Great Bog"), near Mallow. (Lives from Book of Lismore, p. xxxvi.)
Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 Ballyhooly. Rev. J. F. Lynch.

Our Father Among the Saints Episcopal Martyr Naomh Réamonn Ó Gallchóir Derry Journal
‘They fell upon the Bishop and they mangled him with many a wound’ - 420 years ago Bishop Réamonn O’Gallagher was murdered by Henry Docwra’s men outside Derry

Four hundred and twenty years ago, as the Nine Years’ War raged, Réamonn O’Gallagher, was murdered by English soldiers outside Derry. The Raphoe-born bishop, a confidant and counsellor to Red Hugh O’Donnell

and 'The Great' Hugh O'Neill, was a notable scalp for Elizabeth I and her henchmen. His murder, on Ash Wednesday, 1601, deprived Gaelic society in the territories of Inis Eógain, Tir Chonail, Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, Cianacht and Tír Eoghain, of a temporal, as well as a spiritual, leader. Derry was left without a Catholic bishop for 119 years after his death. … Lynch explains that everyone in the house fled apart from O'Gallagher who was too old and tried to hide among sheaves of corn. "The enemy having got up to the house, and having laid hold on a woman and boy, slaughtered them both, and went away. The people of the place then went into the house and asked was there anyone there still alive. The bishop from his hiding-place answered that he was still alive. "One of the army servants of the enemy, who was lurking close by, overhearing the voice, hurries off to his party with his utmost speed, urges them to come back, which they do without delay, fall upon the Bishop, thus taken by surprise, mangle him with many a wound and leave him lifeless." A harried figure the bishop was eventually run down by the English outside Derry on March 7, 1601. The Ó Cléirigh scribes who wrote the AFM in Donegal in the 1600s, record it thus: "Réamonn O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, was

killed by the English in Oireacht-Ui-Chathain." He was reputedly 80 years old. Derry Journal then describes how they had a massacre at his funeral.

England's persecution of O'Gallagher persisted beyond his death on March 7, 1601. The Lord Deputy Mountjoy received correspondence from Derry about what Devlin believes may have been the desecration of O'Gallagher's Funeral Mass. "Lord Deputy Mountjoy wrote to Cecil at the end of March 1601 from Drogheda enclosing an extract from a letter that had just come from Derry with the news that the 'garrisons of Derry hath slain (at a Mass, as is said) the Prior of Derry and twenty of the principal priests of Ulster in a church'. The only possible explanation for such an assembly at such a time, surely, is that they had gathered to bury the leading churchman of the

country, and that, aware of this, Bolles or some such had returned to ambush the funeral," Devlin muses. There followed a very dark period as the English colonial project was turbocharged in Ulster which had hitherto been one of the last major reboubts of Gaelic civilisation in Ireland. Little over a year later O'Donnell was buried in Valladolid, after either being poisoned by the English agent James Blake or succumbing to illness in Simancas castle. In 1603 the insurgency was over and by 1607 the leaders, including O'Neill left Rathmullan for Europe.

[from Derry Journal]

"Ironbones, justice has overtaken you: the sentence your own vain mind had passed on others is about to be pronounced against yourself; and all the liberty that I feel disposed to leave you is the liberty of choosing what kind of death you think it most agreeable to die of.

What a silly notion you did get into your noddle, surely, when you fancied that you, single-handed, could make yourself master of the crown, sovereignty, and tributes of Ireland, even though there had been nobody to thwart your arrogant designs but myself ! ...

..and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself... THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT

The Singing the Litany of Ireland—Lismore.
KUNO MEYER, Todd Lectures THE TRIADS OF IRELAND

Lismore Abbey from CladdaghDesign.com Lismore has strong historical and ecclesiastical links – it was founded way back in the 7th century by Saint Mochuda (also known as Saint Carthage) at the foot of the Knockmealdown Mountains and by the banks of the River Blackwater. The town is best known for the highly significant Lismore Castle and (former) Abbey. Lismore Abbey was founded by Saint Mochuda in the year 635, on a steep hill that overlooks what is now the town centre of Lismore. Mochuda had spent almost forty years in the monastery of Rahan in southern Meath but was evicted due to disagreements he had with the abbot there. He fled to Lismore, was granted some land by the local prince, and founded the monastery. Sadly he died two years later...

...It produced several notable saints and scholars over the years including Saint Cataldus (or Cathal), Saint Cuanna, and Aldfrith, Rí of Northumbria. At its peak Lismore was the most celebrated monastery in the south of Ireland and was an important place of pilgrimage. Many Irish princes in their dying days chose to give up the sceptre and spend the last moments of their lives there.

As Lismore was considered to be one of the most important monasteries in Ireland – and by far the most important one in the south of the country – it didn't come as a surprise to many when the Lismore Crozier emerged in 1814....

...During the course of the renovations a blocked-up doorway was discovered in a not often used passageway. When the doorway was cleared, two objects of significant value were discovered behind it; the crozier and the Book of Lismore (an account of the Irish saints written in early medieval Gaelic), which was enclosed in a wooden box for safekeeping ...We know from an inscription on the body of the crozier that it was crafted from 1090 – 1113, was ... crafted by a man named Neachtain. The case of the shrine enclosed an old oak stick, which is said to be the original crozier of the

monastery's founder ...

The Book of Lismore also contains Acallam na Senórach, a most important Middle Irish narrative dating to the 12th century, a text pertaining to the Fenian Cycle.

Imcallam in da Thurad, The Colloquy of the Two Sages, from the Book of Leinster, translated by Whitley Stokes

SAID FERCHERTNE 19. A question, O instructing lad, whence hast thou come?

NÉDE ANSWERED 20. [Ní hansa] From the heel of a sage, 21. from a confluence of wisdom, 22. from perfections of goodness, 23. from brightness of sunrise, 24. from the hazels of poetic art, 25. from circuits of splendour, 26. out of which they measure truth according to excellences, 27. in which righteousness is taught, 28. in which falsehood sets, 29. in which colours are seen,

30. in which poems are freshened.

Dr. Todd then goes on with a detailed analysis of the contents of the Book of Fermoy, extending from page 5 to page 54. On page 20 he states that folio 34 of the MS. book contains a curious and valuable account of the banishment of St. Mochuda, otherwise Carthach, from Raithin (now Rahan), near Tullamore, Rí's Co., and his settlement at Lismore, whereh e founded a celebrated school and episcopal see in the seventh century...On folio 60 Dr. Todd states, begins a tract on St. Molaga [Molaga direct descent Mogh Ruith], the founder of the church and monastery of Tech Molaga, now Timoleague, Co. Cork, and of many other churches in Ireland—a tract extremely valuable for its topography and local allusions. JOURNAL OF THE

Cork Historical and Archaeological Society. Vol. II. MAY, 1893. No. 17. The Early Irish Manuscripts of Munster.

June 2 [1799]. Communication with Dublin re-established —General Court Martial assembled at the Council Chamber.The first named, Mr. Peter O'Keeffe, charged with administering the United Irishmen's oath, was subsequently tried by Court Martial, and acquitted.

THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Mary's Priory Tallaght

There is hardly any need to remind the Irish people of the campaign of the redoubtable Oliver. A religious zealot, a scourge from God like Attila of old, he stalked the land with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. His deeds of bloodshed at Drogheda and Wexford have passed into world history. Although Cromwell spent only nine months in Ireland, his followers were no less brutal and unmerciful than he was. One has only to remember Clonmel, Limerick and Galway.

The accounts of their exploits, conducted in Russian style, are sickening to read. Cromwell's well-known principle of relegating the Irish to Connaught did not extend to leaving them there in peace. For his henchmen pursued their enemies, the priests and religious, to the extreme limits of that province.

When they grew tired of killing them, they put the remainder into concentration

camps on the Aran and Clare Islands. But some did escape, mindful of the divine words: "If they pursue you in one city flee to another."

Only a quarter of them ever got to the continent. The names and number

of the Cromwellian victims will never be fully known. Some have come down to us, and in particular we record the public hanging in Galway of the Roscommon laybrother Bernard O'Kelly in 1653.

After long confinement in a squalid prison, held down by chains and starved, clad only in his tunic (the only garment left him) the chronicle says: "He manfully gave his life for the cause of religion.

Dr. Sigerson is justified in writing: "For a time, Anti-Christ ruled in Ireland. Cromwellian cruelty looks mild...when compared with the Penal Code." Daniel Corkery from Hidden Ireland: A Study of Gaelic Munster in the Eighteenth Century

By Blarney Kings blindfold the nations, By Blarney statesmen buy and sell the [saoirse] of the people, By Blarney politicians degrade and use the people, By Blarney pretended patriots delude their followers, By Blarney preachers, poets, divines, liberators are enabled to delude the human race on their own vile and mercenary purposes and sordid vile ends As told by Nora Buckley to Catherine White Ballyveerane, Co. Cork found at duchas.ie

American PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Cromwell

There is a popular belief that under Cromwell all Irishmen were expelled from three-fourths of the island, and driven into Connaught, their places being taken by English and Scotch immigrants.

While exceedingly cruel, this would have been an understandable policy, and would have resulted in the substitution of one race and one creed for another race and another creed throughout the major part of the island.

What was actually done, however, combined cruelty with ultimate

inefficiency ; it caused great immediate suffering, while perpetuating exactly the conditions against which it was supposed to provide.

The Catholic landholders were, speaking generally, driven into Connaught, and the priests expelled, while the people, laborers, spalpeens, and artisans were left as they were, but of course deprived of all the leadership which could give them a lift upward.

In Ulster there had been a considerable substitution of one race for the other, among the actual tillers and occupiers of the soil.

Under Cromwell, the change elsewhere consisted in the bringing in of alien landlords. In other words, to the already existing antagonism of race, creed, and speech, was added the antagonism of caste.

The property-holder, the landlord, the man of means, was an Englishman by race and speech, and a Protestant by faith ; while the mass of the laborers roundabout him were Catholic Celts who spoke [Gaelic]. Ultra admirers of Cromwell and the Puritans have actually spoken as if this plan, provided only that it had been allowed to work long enough, would have produced a Puritan Ireland.

...the native Irish themselves; but the great central fact remains that [Cromwell's] Irish policy was one of bitter oppression, and that the abhorrence with which the Irish, to this day, speak of "the curse o'Crummle," is historically justifiable

“Inspired by the news of the revolt in Scotland and the troubles in England, the Irish had risen against their hereditary oppressors. It was the revolt of a race which rose to avenge wrongs as bitter as ever one people inflicted upon another; and it was inevitable that it should be accompanied by appalling outrages in certain places.

It was on these outrages that the English fixed their eyes, naturally ignoring the generations of English evil-doing which had brought them about. A

furious cry for revenge arose.

Every Puritan, from Oliver Cromwell down, regarded the massacres as a fresh proof that Roman Catholics ought to be treated, not as professors of another Christian creed, but as cruel public enemies..

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SCRIBNER, 1906, pp 128-129 The fate of the captured rank and file was hard. Throughout the First Civil War, the common soldiers, when taken, had either been exchanged or released, or often enough had enlisted on the side of the victors; but the Puritan generals and those behind them were in no mood to take a merciful view of men whom they regarded as wanton offenders, whether they were Scotchmen or Englishmen. The captives of Preston battle were sold into slavery; some being sent to the Virginia planters, and others to the Venetian Government, for galley slaves. When the Puritans could act thus toward their fellow-Englishmen, and toward the Scotch Presbyterians who were so nearly of their own creed, there is small cause for wonder in the treatment afterward accorded the Irish.

Theodore Roosevelt, CROMWELL book ... Baron Inchiquin, with remainder to his male heirs followed suit and acknowledged the Parliament. Months of tortuous negotiations followed, King Charles showing the same readiness in promise, and utter indifference in performance, while dealing with the Irish as while dealing with the English. The treachery of the King was made manifest by the discovery of his secret treaty with the Irish, when Sligo was captured. Meanwhile, the Papal nuncio, an Italian, had arrived, and exhorted the Irish to refuse any peace with the King except on the basis of the complete reinstatement of the Catholic Church. He roused what would now be called the ultramontanes against the moderate Catholic

party which was acting with Ormond. Their wrangles caused a fatal delay, for by the time the moderates triumphed the King had been made a prisoner. Their treaty of peace with the King was not signed till September, 1645, and amounted to nothing, for the adherents of the Parliament rejected it on the one side, and the extreme Catholic party, the utterly intolerant and fanatical Catholics, under the nuncio, refused to be bound by it on the other. In the north the Irish were led by Owen O Neil, a member of the great Ulster house of that name, and under him they had beaten Munro and the Scotch. He now hurried to the support of the nuncio. The moderate Catholic leaders and Ormond fled to Dublin at his approach, and he was joined, after some hesitation, by Preston, the leader of the Irish forces in the south. In 1647, Ormond, at his wits end, handed over Dublin to the agents of the Parliament, and joined the Royalist refugees in France. This for a moment eliminated the Royalists, and left the party of the nuncio, the party of the bigots and intolerant extremists, supreme among the Irish..."

The Last Defense, Poetic Chief-Judges

LAMENT OF O'GNIVE translated by JJ Callanan (Fearflatha O'Gniamh [True Prince, Child of the Chief Poet] was family ollamh, or Bard, to the O'Neill of Clanoboy about the year 1556. The Poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with " Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil.") How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael, And fallen the people of green Innisfail! The Sword of the Saxon is red with their gore, And the mighty of nations is mighty no more. Like a hark on the ocean long shatter'd and tost, On the land of your fathers at length you are lost, The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains, And you're doomed from your cradles to bondage and chains. O'Neill of the Hostages; Conn, whose high name On a hundred red battles has floated to fame, Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er

thy sleep; Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep! O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears, Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh, To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

Fingal Rónáin Is úar gáeth i ndorus tige na lláech; batar inmaine laích bítis etrainn ocus gaíth. Is fuar gaoth i ndoras tí na laoch: ba ionmhain liomsa na laoich, bhídís idir mé is gaoith. The wind is cold in the doorway of the warriors' house; beloved were the warriors who stood between us and the wind. https://iso.ucc.ie/Fingal-ronain/Fingal-ronain-text.html English from sengoidelc.com

Algonquin philosopher Jack Forbes in his book Columbus and other Cannibals: "It is quite clear that in modern times we have witnessed the widespread brutalization of human beings. The history of Europe in the last 1,500 years and the history of European imperialism in Africa, Asia and the Americas reveal atrocities of almost unimaginable proportions. The brutality of the "religious" wars in Europe, the unrelenting exploitation of Original Americans, the sacrifice of tens of millions of Africans and First Americans in order to obtain slaves or peons, the genocidal policies of the English toward the Irish, of Europeans generally towards Native People, of the Nazis toward Jews, Slavs and [Romani], represent only a few examples of large-scale cruelty, aggression and exploitation almost beyond belief."

Beatha Naomh Páidraig Book Lismore After that Naomh Páidraig went into the province of Munster, to Cashel of the [chief]. And Oengus, son of Natfraich, [chief] of Munster, met him, and made him welcome, and brings him with him to his house, to the fort, as far as the place wherein Lecc Padraic is to-day. And Oengus there believed in God and in Naomh

Páidraig, and he was baptized and a multitude of the men of Munster along with him. There, then, was the beginning of the baptism of the men of Munster. And then said Naomh Páidraig :

'If Munster-men outrage me Regarding Cashel the head of their baptism, They shall have mutual slaughter amidst their land, Their realm will be in disgrace. From Cashel I have blessed Ireland as far as its borders. With my two hands have I blessed, So that Munster will not be without good.

Gleeson at Queens university Belfast 2019 Gleeson writes.... In Gaelic Ireland, the nexus between authority, genealogy, landscape and place is fundamental to the exercise of power. 'It will be Nad-Fraich's city; everyone's land will be Nad-Fraich's. He who possesses Cashel, he it is who speaks for all Munster [...] all Munster will be pledged to him'.

The three skills required of a master poet according to Uraicecht Becc are imbas forosna 'encompassing knowledge which illuminates', teinm láeda 'breaking of marrow' and díchetal di chennaib 'chanting from heads or extempore chanting' (Carey, 1995b, 42). Carey (1995b, 57) discusses the origins of these three requirements in the sources, concluding that teinm laedo was a later replacement of anamain, a type of metre (1995b, 46-7). According to him this suggests that originally these qualifications merely reflected the skills required of poets: 'technical expertise (anamain), improvisational facility (díchetal di chennaib), and inspiration (imbas). With the substitution of teinm laedo and the reinterpretation of díchetal, however, [they] took on a very different character: [poetry] now appears to be exclusively concerned with the prophetic powers and magivcal techniques associated with the filid' (1995b, 47). Imbas forosnai is mentioned in connection with the practice of filedacht in Bretha Nemed,

the introduction to the Senchas Mór and The Caldron of Poesy (Carey, 1995b, 49-50). This 'knowledge which illuminates' therefore supports the idea of supernatural power associated with the poets and with satire in particular. Carey's research revealed differing attitudes to these same skills, ranging from 'a romantic desire to exaggerate the poetic profession's pagan background ..[to] a resolutely orthodox condemnation of any such pagan or quasi-pagan survivals… and [finally] a historicist strategy that excuses an interest in exotic magical lore by firmly confining it to a distant past' (1995b, 58). Be that as it may, the attitude to satire and satirists attested in the laws and in the sagas is frequently one of disapproval, awe and unadulterated fear, as manifested in the Fer Diad episode of TBC.

-Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynootht

Tréde neimthigedar filid: immas forosna, teinm laeda, dichetal di chennaib. Three things that constitute a poet: Universal wisdom, poetic exegesis, improvisation.

Maurice Lenihan History of Limerick, Duffy, Dublin, 1884, p.34.

We know of 2229 [PreNorman Native] Irish Saints, even not counting their companions, of whom 300 preached the gospel in foreign countries, not counting their companions.

Of these 529 were holy abbots; 330 were bishops and martyrs, and numberless holy bishops; 31 archbishops of Armagh were saints; 21 of whom immediately succeeded each other; 990 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes in the monastery of Benchear; 1200 Irish monks were martyred by the Danes together with their abbot Abel; 777 Irishmen martyrs in England; and only one, St. Odronus, Proto martyr, was martyred

in Ireland by the Irish. 23 English saints received their studies and education in Ireland; 3000 others have studied in Ireland; ...

...Innumerable were the Italians, French, in short from all nations who had recourse to Ireland in order to perfect themselves in their studies, and the knowledge of the scriptures; so that it might well be doubted whether Ireland acquired more glory from the great number of it sent abroad in order to teach and preach the gospel to foreign nations, or from the great number of foreigners who resorted to Ireland in order to be perfected in all manner of literature and knowledge.

The Commemoration of our Abbots of Bangor
The holy, valiant deeds Of sacred Fathers, Based on the matchless Church of Benchor ;

The noble deeds of abbots Their number, times, and names, Of never-ending lustre.

Hear, brothers ; great their deserts, Whom the Lord hath gathered

To the mansions of his heavenly kingdom. Christ loved Comgill,

Well too did he, the Lord ; He held Beogna dear ; He graced the ruler Aedh ; He chose the holy Sillan, A famous teacher of the world.

Whom the Lord hath gathered

To the mansions of his heavenly kingdom. He made Finten accepted.

An heir generous, renowned ; He rendered Maclaisre illustrious, The chief of all abbots;

With a sacred torch [he enlightened] Segene A great physician of scripture.

Quos, &e.

Beraenus was a distinguished man ; Cumine also possessed of grace ; Columba a congenial shepherd ;

Aidan without complaint ; Baithene a worthy ruler ; Crotan a chief president. Quos, &e.

To these so excellent succeeded Caman. A man to be beloved by all ;

Singing praises to Christ He now sits on high. That Cronan. The fifteenth may lay hold on life The Lord preserve him.

Whom the Lord will gather

To the mansions of his heavenly kingdom. The truest merits Of these holy abbots, Meet for Comgill,

Most exalted, we invoke ;

That we may blot out All our offences

Through Jesus Christ, Who reigns for ages everlasting

Munther Benchuir. Trans. e Rev. W. REEVES, Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol 1 ser 1, 1853.

Under James I and Charles I (1604-1648).—1606: Bernard O'Carolan, p., executed

by martial law, Good Friday; Eugene O'Gallagher, abbot, and Bernard O'Trevir, prior, of the Cistercians of Assaroe, Ballyshannon, slain there by soldiers; Sir John Burke of Brittas, County Limerick, for rescuing and defending with arms a priest seized by soldiers, executed at Limerick, December 20, 1606. The date is accurately known from contemporary letters printed in Hogan's "Ibernia Ignatiana". 1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F.,

beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone;

IN the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Assaroe in Tír Chonaill, the Abbot, Eugene O'Gallagher and Bernard O'Trevir, his Prior, and the other monks to the number of thirty, lived according to their rule, undisturbed from the first erection of the abbey till some years after the suppression of nearly all the other monasteries, while the power of O'Neill and O'Donnell lasted. But when they fled across the sea the monks too were forced to fly, and when they died at Rome in 1609, the English took occasion to seize on their vast domains and possessions, threw down the monastery, and drove out the monks.

The venerable Eugene O'Gallagher who happened to be away from his monastery, was slain by the aforesaid enemies through hatred of the faith. So too, Bernard O'Trevir, one of his monks, when flying from his persecutors, was slain near the monastery in the year 1606, in the same year and month as the Abbot, but not on the same day, and entered heaven wearing a martyr's crown.
https://www.mixcloud.com/ourmartyrspodcast/82-eugeneogallagherbernardotrevir-ocist/?play=fb

Uraicecht Becc

The Chiefs of Caiseal appear to have put forward no claims to the monarchy of all Ireland till the year 709, when Cathal, the son of Finguine, ancestor of the family of O'Caeimh (O'Keeffe), and Rí of Munster, [saved] the plain of Breagh or Bregia, and compelled Fearghal, the son of Maelduin, monarch of Ireland, to give him hostages ; in consequence of which he was looked upon by his own people as monarch of Ireland till his death, which occurred in the year 742. But the northern writers do not acknowledge him

as monarch Odonovan Lebor na Ceart notes

“The four things to be asked of every composition must be asked of this composition, viz., place, and person, and time, and cause of invention. For example: The place of this composition is great Cork of Munster, and its author is Aniér MacConglinne of the Onaght Glenowra[Glenore, Gleaniúir]. In the time of Cathal MacFinguine, son of Cúcengairm, or son of Cúcenmáthir, it was made. The cause of its invention was to banish the demon of gluttony that was in the throat of Cathal MacFinguine.

Aislinge Meic Conglinne trans. Kuno Meyer https://archive.org/stream/aislingemeiccong00meye#page/64/mod e/2up " Well, Cathal," said MacConglinne, " a vision has appeared to me, and I have heard that thou art good at interpreting a dream." " By my God's Doom!" exclaimed Cathal, " though I should interpret the dreams of the men of the world, I would not interpret thine."

Then the Wizard Doctor spoke to his people : ' A troublesome party approaches you tonight, my friends,' said the Wizard Doctor, ' viz., Aniér MacConglinne of the men of Munster, a youngster of deep lore, entertaining and delightful. And he must be well served ; for he is melancholy, passionate, impetuous, violent, and impatient ; and he is eager, fond of eating early ; and he is voracious, shameless,greedy; and yet he is mild and gentle, . . . easily moved to laughter. And he is a man great in thanks-givings and in upbraidings. And no wonder; for he has wit both to censure and to praise the hearth of a well-appointed, gentle, fine, mirthful house with a meadball...

A note from Aislinge Meic Conglinne = The vision of MacConglinne : a

Middle-Irish wonder tale Translated by Meyer, Kuno, 1892 The Rev. E. O'Growney informs me that she is said to have lived near Oldcastle, co. Meath, and that the large cairns of stone seen there are supposed to have been dropped by her from her apron. The following lines are attributed to her :

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht, iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh, chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch, cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh."

" I am the poor old woman of Beare, Many wonders have I seen, I have seen Carn Bán a lake. Though now it is a mountain." Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara.

...[It] was not until 1563 that a comprehensive settlement of [Laois and Offaly] took place. ...all the settlers, including the Gaelic Irish, were to adhere to a strict set of conditions which required them to use English language, dress and customs, and not to make use of the Gaelic brehon law system or to maintain

Gaelic military men... ...the majority of the English grantees were in fact the very soldiers who had been serving in the area, and who had already acquired a reputation for brutality and greed amongst the native population. This brutality and greed was officially sanctioned, as Lord Deputy Sussex increasingly resorted to the use of martial law. This form of régime was cost-effective because the commissioners were licensed to collect the profits of their work.

Commissions of martial law 'legally' entitled the bearer to a third of the moveable goods and possessions of the dead 'traitors.' According to David Edwards11, "this acted as an incentive to slaughter: the more 'suspected

traitors' the commissioners killed, the more traitors' goods they and their followers received... John Derricke's "Image of Irelande", Sir Henry Sidney, and the Massacre at Mullaghmast, 1578, The Image of Irelande by John Derricke Review by: Vincent P. Carey, Irish Historical Studies, Vol. 31, No. 123 (May, 1999), pp. 305-327. From JSTOR.

LOUIS RIEL'S LETTER TO THE "IRISH WORLD." AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

1886? ...the behavior of the English is not singular. Follow those pirates the world over and you will find that everywhere and at all times they adopt the same tactics and operate on the same thievish lines. Ireland, India, the Highlands of Scotland, Australia, and the isles of the Indian Ocean—all these countries are the sad evidences and their native populations are the witnesses of England's land robberies.

SYMPATHY FOR RIEL IN NEW YORK. Resolutions were adopted at the regular meeting of the Irish-American Union held last evening, in which the execution of Louis Riel was condemned as a "judicial murder." The resolution referred to the Canadian Government as a " subservient tool of the bigoted Orange faction," ...—New York World. — The Gibbet of Regina: The Truth about Riel • Sir John A Macdonald and His Cabinet efore Public Opinion from One Who Knows, Napoléon Thompson, 1886, Thompson and Moreau, New York

The process which, if not checked, will abolish Man goes on apace among Communists and Democrats no less than among Fascists. The methods may (at first) differ in brutality. But many a mild-eyed scientist in pince-nez, many a popular dramatist, many an amateur philosopher in our midst, means in the long run just the same as the Nazi rulers of Germany:

'Traditional values are to be debunked' and mankind to be cut out into some fresh shape at the will (which must, by hypothesis, be an arbitrary will) of some few ... people...
C.S. Lewis,The Abolition of Man

Fair is foul, and foul is fair, hover through fog and filthy air.

William Shakespeare, Macbeth

Admission of Elizabeth I Genocide in Victoria's Crown's Words Lambeth Palace Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts: 1575-1588 (Published by the Authority of the Lords Commisioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, London, 1868) "Throughout the papers of Carew there are to be found repeated... enactments for obliterating from the face of [Occupied] Ireland all traces, accidental or otherwise, of [Gaelic] characteristics.

DUTY OF MARTYRDOM. The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer and die for truth and freedom [remembering that to Irish Catholics, there is no freedom until women are equally free].

JB O'REILLY WATCHWORDS

" Let the nobles of Erin proceed To Temor of the kingly fetters, No Journey longer than this required ; No man shall be without a patrimony. " The noble host shall say there, 'Recount to us our nobility together, The

prosperous host of each line that has not melted away, Enumerate the chiefs of each territory. "

O'DUGAN.

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 The Irish ... of co. Cork are : O'Callaghan, O'Cowhig or O'Coffey, O'Crowley, O'Daly, O'Donovan, O'Donoghue, O'Driscoll, O'Dwyer, O'Flynn, O'Haly, O'Hea, O'Hennessy, O'Kearney, O'Keeffe, O'Leary, O'Lyon, O'Lehan, O'Mahony, O'Riordan, O'Sullivan, MacCarthy-Reagh (princes of Carbery), MacCarthy MacDonough (princes of Duhallow), MacCarthy (lords of Musketry), McAuliffe, Meagh, etc. ...By Irish custom all land was the common property of the sept, the chief being the " oldest in descent and worthiest of the blood.

In " Silva Gadelica," p. 547, it is stated that Mor Mumhan was wife of Finghin Mac Aedha, Rí of Munster, and mother of Deog, wife of Laighnen Mac Colmain, and afterwards wife to Guaire Aidhne Mac Colmain, Rí of Connaught. According to the legend of Mor (" Book of Fermoy"), she was wife of Cathal, son of Fionguine, son of Cugan-mathair, but Cathal Mac Fionguine died a.d. 737, as noted by Todd. Aedh Bennan, father of Mor Mumhan, from whom are the family of O'Moriarty of Kerry, died in [???]Finghin, son of Aedh Dubh, was Rí of Desmond (604-619), and brother of Failbhe Flann, ancestor of the Mac Carthy who was Rí of Munster (627-636).

The O'Sullivans are traced to Sullivan, eighth in descent from Finghin Mac Aedha, and the O'Keeffes are traced to Caomh, fourth in descent from Cathal Mac Fionguine. See Genealogical Table in " Battle of Magh Rath."] Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 Ballyhooly. By Rev. J. F. Lynch

Eóghannachta Tribes

O'Leary. O'Longadh. O'Dubhachain. Mac Carthy Mor. O'Keeffe. Mac Auliffe. O'Rinn. O'Donoghue. O'Feichin O'Neill. O'Flanlaoi. O'Dubhain.

O'Collins. O'Connell. O'Daly. O'Mahony. O'Callaghan. O'Callanan. O'Moriarty. O'Collins. O'Cullen. O'Donall. O'Caomhloingsidh. O'Conall. O'Cronnelly. O'Dann. O'Ailgnin. O'Hooly. O'Ceitin. O'Meargan. O'Aignach. O'Canty. O'Eoghan. O'Sullivan. Mac Gillicuddy. O'Quill. O'Riordan. O'Shea. O'Lyon. O'Cronan. O'Buadhachs . O'Cahalans. O'Maolins. O'Flathniadh. O'Flynn. O'Agha. O'Maothagan. O'Maolcrain. O'Glamhin. O'Berain. O'Loingseach. O'Angal. O'Finelly. O'Donovan. O'Feely. O'Conal. O'Ceallaghan. O'Donnell. O'Duilgin. O'Hea. O'Ceanduibh. O'Mac Trialladh.

1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F., beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone Thaddus O'Boyle, guardian of Donegal, slain, April 13, by soldiers. 1590: fr. Gerald Fitzgerald, O.P. - priest in Killmallock, hanged in 1648 Cormac MacEgan, O.P. - laybrother, hanged in 1642

fr. John Collins, O.P. – priest in Limerick, hanged in 1614

fr. David Roche, O.P. - Prior of Glentworth, deported to Barbados and died in 1653

Father Peter O'Higgins OP, Prior of the Dominican monastery of Naas, hanged under orders from Sir Charles Coote, despite O'Higgins' welldocumented efforts to protect local Protestant civilians from sectarian violence during the English Parliamentarian rebellion of 1641, at Dublin on 23 March 1642.

from THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. Aongus 0'Daly. Ob : 1570.

The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God, No wisdom like it is to be found ;

Good the kind of wisdom, this, The fear of God, on whomsoever it be.

In 1579 Thady Daly, a Franciscan of the convent of Askeaton, was executed in Limerick for the faith. Edmond Donnelly, of the Society of Jesus, a native of Limerick, after suffering different torments, was hanged and quar tered in Cork.

1579 The martyrdom of the holy Bishop of Mayo, Patrick Hely, and his companion, Father O'Rourke...both martyrs were of the Franciscan order. They were hanged upon a tree, and their bodies remained suspended for fourteen days, to be used as targets by the soldiery.

A harried figure the bishop was eventually run down by the English outside Derry on March 7, 1601.

The Ó Cléirigh scribes who wrote the AFM in Donegal in the 1600s, record it thus: "Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, was killed by the English in Oireacht-Ui-Chathain." He was reputedly 80 years old.

Laughlin O'Laverty, secular priest; hanged, Derry.

Lewis O'Laverty, priest, hanged, drawn, and quartered, 1615.

106. LAUGHLIN O'LAVERTY; put to death, 1615, in Derry, with Nos. 117-121.

(O'Reilly, 183.)

117, 118, 119, 120, 121. BRIAN O'NEILL, ART O'NEILL, RORY O'KANE, GODFREY O'KANE, and ALEXANDER Mac SORLEY; hanged at Derry, 1615. (O'Reilly, 183.)

Major Myles O'Reilly, entitled Memorials of those who Suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland (London: Burns & Oates & Co., 1868).

https://www.deprocessumartyriali.com/p/blog-page_76.html

JOHN O'FLAVERTY [O'Laverty], Prior of Coleraine; slain, 1647. (Murphy, 862.) Eóghan Ó Flaithbertaigh

1896 work Our Martyrs by Father Denis Murphy S.J.

https://www.deprocessumartyriali.com/p/blog-page_76.html

EXECUTIONS IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH I (1558)

fr. Peter O'Ferge & 20 companions, O.P. - in Derry; stone and massacred c.1600

fr. The entire community of 32 friars, O.P. - in Colraine hanged c.1600

2 unnamed priest and 7 novices thrown overboard off Clare during deportation, 1602

EXECUTIONS IN THE REIGN OF JAMES STUART (1603)

Mr. John Burke, T.O.S.D., lay Dominican, hanged in Limerick in 1606 fr. William O'Luin, O.P. – priest in Derry hanged in 1607

fr. John O'Luin, O.P. – priest in Derry hanged in 1607

fr. Donagh O'Luin, O.P. - Prior of Derry, hanged in 1608

fr. William MacGollen, O.P. – priest in Coleraine hanged in 1614 fr. Arthur MacGeohegan, O.P. – priest hanged in 1633

EXECUTIONS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES STUART (1625) fr. Peter O'Higgins, O.P. - Prior of Naas, hanged in 1641

fr. Raymond Keogh, O.P. - Prior of Roscommon, hanged in 1642

fr. Cormac MacEgan, O.P. - laybrother, hanged in 1642

fr. Richard Barry, O.P. - Prior of Cashel, executed in 1647

fr. John O'Flaverty, O.P. - Prior of Coleraine, executed in 1647

Ms. Margaret of Cashel, T.O.S.D., lay Dominican, slain in 1647

fr. David Fox, O.P. - laybrother in Killmallock, hanged in 1648

fr. Donald O'Neaghten, O.P. - laybrother in Roscommon, hanged in 1648 fr. Gerald Fitzgerald, O.P. - priest in Killmallock, hanged in 1648

fr. James O'Reilly, O.P. - priest in Waterford, hanged in 1648

EXECUTIONS IN THE TIME OF OLIVER CROMWELL (1649, Lord Protector 1653)

fr. Peter Costello, O.P. - Prior of Strade, executed in 1649

fr. Richard Overton, O.P. - sub-Prior of Athy, beheaded in 1649 fr. Stephen Petit, O.P. - Prior of Mullingar, executed in 1649 fr. William Lynch, O.P. - priest in Strade, executed in 1649

fr. Dominick Dillon, O.P. - Prior of Urlar, beheaded in 1649 fr. Myles McGrath, O.P. - hanged in Clonmel in 1650

fr. Ambrose Aeneas O'Cahill, O.P. - priest in Cork, beheaded in 1651

fr. James Moran, O.P. - laybrother executed in 1651

fr. James Woulf, O.P. - priest in Limerick, hanged in 1651

fr. Terence Albert O'Brien, O.P. - Bishop of Emly, hanged in 1651

fr. Vincent Gerard Dillon, O.P. - priest in Athenry, died in prison in 1651 fr. Thomas O'Higgins, O.P. - priest in Clonmel, hanged in 1651

fr. William O'Connor, O.P. - priest in Clonmel, hanged in 1651

fr. Donatus 'Niger' Duff, O.P. - laybrother executed in 1651

fr. Edmund O'Beirne, O.P. - priest of Roscommon, beheaded in 1651

fr. Laurence O'Ferral, O.P. - Prior of Longford, hanged in 1651

fr. Bernard O'Ferral, O.P. - priest in Longford, hanged in 1651

fr. Stephen Petit, O.P. – priest in Athenry hanged in 1651 (same name as Mullingar man in 1649)

fr. John Collins, O.P. – priest in Limerick, hanged in 1614

fr. John O'Quillen, O.P. - priest in Athenry, executed in 1652

fr. Hugh MacGoill, O.P. - priest in Rathbran, executed in 1653

fr. David Roche, O.P. - Prior of Glentworth, deported to Barbados and died in 1653

fr. Bernard O'Kelly, O.P. - laybrother in Roscommon, hanged in 1653

fr. Thaddeus Moriarty, O.P. - Prior of Tralee, hanged in 1653

EVEN UNTO DEATH

priestly life was spent labouring for the people of Tralee. He was the last Prior of old Holy Cross, Father Thaddeus Moriarty, w'ho 300 years ago almost to the day, suffered death for the faith. 'It is to commemorate him that we are gathered here today, to commemorate his life and his death, an event that brought glory to this town of Tralee and this diocese of Kerry and shed lustre on the Dominican Order and the whole Irish Church. 'Three hundred years ago Father Moriarty was taken by the Cromwellian soldiers from his peaceful convent here and brought to Killarney, and there he was hanged near the market place, whose present name keeps his memory fresh in the minds of the people, for to them the place is known as

“Martyrs’

Hill.” On that fateful autumn day another glorious page was added to the most glorious chapter of the history of the Irish Church— that chapter that was written with the blood of

Ireland’s martyrs and the tears of her suffering children. This new page was written with the blood of Father Moriarty, and its glory belongs not only to the towns in which he hved and died, but to the whole country, whose official hst of martyrs proposed for beatification includes his name.

‘In commemorating his martyrdom, we commemorate inevitably, also, the dark night of the soul of Ireland—that long period of almost unbroken darkness when the people of Ireland, in the cause of their Cathohc faith, underwent a persecution that was rarely if ever paralleled in the history of the Cathohc Church. The Church, which is the mystical body of Christ, has had to suffer persecution at every period of its history. Our Lord Himself, its Founder, foretold that it would be so. And His prophecy would be verified now in one part of His Church and now in another. In recent years we have become only too familiar with the persecution of

the Church in the countries of Eastern Europe and of the Far East, and with its pattern of trials that are a mockery of justice,

staged to strike the shepherd so that the flock might be dis persed. In recent weeks we have learned of the new sufferings of Poland, a sister country whose tragic struggle for the faith so closely resembles our own. There, further new attempts have been made to extinguish the last undying spark of the Catholic

Faith ...

Three centuries ago it was our own land that was to experience the

sufferings of Christ's mystical body, and not for ten, twenty or fifty years only, but almost without break or mitigation for over a century and a half.

'While the wave of heresy propounded by the "Reformers" was bearing away the peoples of the Continent of Europe, in Ireland the faith which Patrick had brought to our shores was, through God's grace, preserved, untarnished and strengthened, and in God's designs the means of its preservation were to be persecution and death. The more the iniquitous penal laws sought to rob our forefathers of their Faith, the more tenaciously did they cling to it. And the more dearly they had to pay

for it with their blood and tears, the more highly did they value it. It was thus that the Faith which they passed on to their children had become for them such a precious heritage.

THIRD CENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. THADDEUS MORIARTY Hanged by the Cromwellians

in Killarney on October 15, 1653 COMMEMORATED IN TRALEE October 18, 1953

Ms. Honoria de Burgo, T.O.S.D., lay Dominican at Burrishoole, died on the run in 1653

Ms. Honoria Magaen, T.O.S.D., lay Dominican at Burrishoole, died on the run in 1653

fr. James O'Reilly, O.P. – priest in Coleraine, killed by soldiers in 1656

fr. John O'Laghlin, O.P. – Prior of Derry, strangled and beheaded in 1657

EXECUTIONS IN THE TIME OF RICHARD CROMWELL (1658) none

DEATHS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES STUART (1660)

fr. Raymond O'Moore, O.P. - priest in Dublin, died in prison in 1665 fr. Felix O'Connor, O.P. - Prior of Sligo, died in prison in 1679

DEATHS IN THE REIGN OF JAMES STUART (1685)

fr. John O'Morrogh, O.P. - Prior of Cork, died in prison in 1702

fr. Clement O'Callaghan, O.P. - Prior of Derry, died in prison in 1704 fr. Daniel MacDonald, O.P. - priest of Urlar, died in prison in 1707

fr. Felix MacDonald, O.P. - priest in Tulsk, died in prison in 1707

fr. Dominick MacEgan., O.P. - priest in Tralee, died in prison in 1713 fr. John Keating, O.P. - priest in Louvain (Leuven) died in prison in 1703

42 of this list had their cause opened on 17th of March, 1918 by William the Archbishop of Dublin. Beatification was granted to Terence Albert O'Brien and Peter O'Higgins by Pope John Paul II on the 27th of September, 1992.

https://www.flickr.com/photos/feargal/4797427326

Irish Dominican Photographers

1653 Bernard O Kelly Roscommon Martyr

THE DOMINICANS OF ROSCOMMON Luke Taheny O.P. Saint Ma

...Paddy (mid-teens) "...no reason, we just have to accept it...I know it's not right but that's just the way it is, always has been, always will be, we are not human in their eyes, if they could they would just kill us all..." Joyce, S. (2018) 'Mincéirs Siúladh: an ethnographic study of young Travellers' experiences of racism in an Irish city

Do you not think it a pity, O dear Donnchadh [Ó Caoimh], ...

That the women of Mumhan should be in captivity — without deceit —

And that the Lochlannachs should carry off their cows? — Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

The Necessity for De-Anglicising Ireland by Douglas Hyde, first President of Occupied Ireland

Delivered before the Irish National Literary Society in Dublin, 25 November 1892.

Let us suppose for a moment -- which is impossible -- that there were to arise a series of Cromwells in England for the space of one hundred years, able administrators of the Empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, whilst they unremittingly stamped out every spark of national feeling, making Ireland a land of wealth and factories, whilst they extinguished every thought and every idea that was Irish, and left us, at last, after a hundred years ... fat, wealthy, and populous, but with

all our characteristics gone,

with every external that at present differentiates us from the English lost or

dropped; all our Irish names of places and people turned into English names;

the Irish language completely extinct; the O's and the Macs dropped;

our Irish intonation changed, as far as possible by English schoolmasters into something English; our history no longer remembered or taught;

the names of our ... martyrs blotted out; our battlefields and traditions forgotten;

the fact that we were not of Saxon origin dropped out of sight and memory,

and let me now put the question -- How many Irishmen are there who would purchase material prosperity at such a price?

"Dr. Albert Casey, in Vol. 1 of "O'Keif, Coshe Mang and Upper Blackwater", lists nine sources, by means of which the O'Keeffe ancestry was traced back to 52 B.C. (to Felim, [Rí] of Munster). Surnames, generally adopted in the 10th Century have been extended back to the beginning of the family line for orientation. One prominent member of the clan, Crevan the Great, [Rí] of Ireland (366-378) was the most illustrious [Rí] of the Eoghannachta, as he obtained sway, not only over Ireland, but over Alba, Britain and France as well. He was poisoned by his sister, who wanted to make her own son [Rí].

Enter Jack Straw Yes! Yes! Here comes me Jack Straw. My father was straw, my mother was straw.

We all lived and died in straw.

If you don't like to believe me enter St Patrick.

Enter St. Patrick (with beard and crozier and gold braid on his sleaves) Yes! Yes! Here comes me St. Patrick.

With my arms shining bright,

I come to settle all disputes in the beginning of the fight. Teacher M. P. Ó Dochartaigh, Donegal.

For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irishmen, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday. An Leabhar Eóghannachta, Lives of the Saints

"Coiglim an tine seo mar choigleann Críost cáidh; Muire ar mhullach an tí, agus Bríd ina lár; An tochtar ainglí is tréine i gCathair na nGrás Ag cumhdach an ti seo 's a mhuintir thabhairt slán.

I Rise Up

Magh Eó Version

I rise up with God, May God rise up with me, God's hand round about me, Sitting and lying,

And rising of me.

Abhráin Diadha Chúige Connacht, An Craoibhín Aoibhinn, 1906.

WHEN YOUR EYES.

[A Doire Version] Miss Borthwick.

0 holy Michael, I call upon thy name, And upon the loving St. John the Baptist, Upon all the saints of the world to aid my soul, In the time of the battle that has not [yet] come.

When the mouth shall be closing and the eye breaking, And the feeling going astray from me,

The jury being called and the term up, And God be with our soul that day.

From a genealogical poem by Tadhg Mac Dáire Mac Bruaideadha (1570–1652) translated by Michael Longan with some minor changes

The reigning house is the family of Uí Chaoimh, Strong Dragons of many and great riches; People of great judgement from the green plains of Lir, The mighty defenders of Cashel.

A conquering party that committed no mean action, Natives that were of late exiled; By those oppressions that afflict the land of Breagh (Dublin area), Which cause them not to enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors.

If the children of Éibhear had not lost The sovereignty of the famous

Cashel, The family of O'Keeffe would not rest Without claiming its undoubted right.

Is aoibhinn dán draoithe is dáimh

Sgaoilfear cách atá fe'n amadh

Chíofar clár Uí Chaoimh gan spás

'Ge an Rígh nách nár, tá'n báire ag

Air an da Fearmaighé

Riaghail do righthibh

[CHIEFING] in Early Irish Literature Tomás Ó Cathasaigh, Harvard University The [chiefdom] of Munster at Cashel was the most prestigious [chiefdom] in the southern half of Ireland... ...According to Senchas Fagbála Caisil 'The Story of the Finding of Cashel', Cashel was discovered by two swineherds 'and the woods of Cashel were yellow at that time, and mast was plentiful there'. In a dream, the swineherds saw Conall Corc: God's blessing was being given to him and his successors as [chiefs] of Cashel so long as they observed the Truth, together with mercy. His successors are duly named. One of the swineherds speaks in a trance of the blessing that he heard the angel deliver. What he has to say is couched in obscure language, and it has not been possible to translate it fully...After the first part the [chief] responds to the swineherd, saying: 'Rob fir firthar, rob bríg brígther 'May it be a truth that is confirmed: may it be a power that is enforced'. and the people answer 'amen'...

The wandering poets, no longer supported by Irish ruling families, in lamenting the passing of their patrons looked forward intheir "vision poetry" to the day when Ireland would rise up again.

The Indivisible Island: The History of the Partition of Ireland, Frank Gallagher,1957

In the typical aisling, the poet wanders in a lonely place, or falls asleep in a lonely place, and in a dream-vision he sees a beautiful woman. Invariably, the poem goes on to enumerate and lavishly describe her beauties of

feature and form.
Then the poet asks her who she is and she, calling herself by one or another of her poetic names, reveals that she is [Occupied] Ireland, adding that she is in deepest sorrow and distress because she has been ousted from her rightful inheritance.

Heroically, then, the poet declares that he will fight, unto death if necessary, in her cause, and the poem ends with a vision of the old order restored, of [Occupied] Ireland restored to her ancient inheritance, of [Occupied] Ireland once again having the walk of a queen. ...
O'Donoghue, Brendan. A Moriarty Reader: Preparing for Early Spring

Aislinge Meic Conglinne = The vision of MacConglinne : a Middle-Irish wonder tale Translated by Meyer, Kuno, 1892

"Mise Cailleach Bhéara bhocht, iomdha iongnadh amharcas riamh, chonnarcas Carn Bán 'na loch, cidh go bhfuil sé 'nois 'na shliabh."

Tri saoghal fhada : saoghal an iubhair, saoghal an iolra, saoghal na Callighe Bhéara . Three great ages : the age of the yew tree, the age of the eagle, the age of Cailleach Beara. [same as Vico?]

The habits of Cailleach Bheara : She did not carry the mud of one pool beyond the next pool. She did not eat when she was hungry. She did not go to sleep until she was sleepy. She did not throw away the dirty water until she had clean water in the house.

Her advice : One night she was on the sea with her children. The night was still and dark, and it was freezing. The cold went to their very marrow. She told them to make themselves warm. " We

cannot," said they. " Bale the sea out and in," said she. " Take the scoop, fill the boat, and bale it out again." They did so and made themselves warm until the morning, when they found opportunity to go ashore.

Manx QUarterly 1897, #23, taken from a booklet of 32 pages printed in Douglas about the year 1870

THE OLD WOMAN: They were indeed splendid, times, but although our statutes and laws were a cause of terror to evil works (Rom. xln, 3), yet there was no virtue in them unless spoken in my name. I argued the cause of the fatherless children and widows with the most powerful fluency, and in the judgment seat where I constantly sat to decide the causes of the people, I cleaved always to the side of love and spirit of charity, neither did I suffer any witness to be perverted by crafty advocacy and crooked tricks. The guilt of the criminal I announced in very solemn words. The Church I constantly attended, and went with pious people to prayer and praise to the Lord, and my sermons sank deep in the hearts of the people. I went also with the young men to seek their wives, and when they had chosen them, I went with them to the wedding. By my advice they dwelt together in peace and comfort, but, alas! those happy days are gone for ever.

Most of the poetry in Irish has come from [difficult] times - crushed down! And poetry wasn't composed merely for the sake of composing a song; it came straight from the heart - and therefore it meant every word of what was said. — Hiúdaí Ó Duibheannaigh

...It is manifest that the whole kingdom was subjected to a dire persecution, which surpassed in ferocity the sufferings of any nation recorded in history.

Everywhere agriculture and commerce ceased. Each one's thoughts were solely devoted to preserve life, and to avoid the impending destruction. Hence resulted a dearth of all articles of food, and with famine, a

pestilence, too, assailed us.

Thus the three scourges of God, of which David had to choose but one, were all at the same time inflicted on us—famine, pestilence, and war. Urged by the famine,numbers fled from all parts of the kingdom to seek shelter in the cities, whilst others, too, fled thither, driven from their estates, or escaping from the sword of the heretical enemy, so that no longer could a place be found for them within the walls, and the outcasts filled the highways and the country around."

So dreadful, indeed, was this scourge, that the learned Dominican father, Dominick de Bosario, cried out:

" Oh, look upon us to-day, ye nations.
Are we not a spectacle to men and angels ?
Learn of us what a terrible calamity it is to fall into the hands of the living God,
and let him who stands take heed lest he fall."

No wonder that an Irish poet would give expression to our nation's sorrow in those ...words, published by Mr. Gilbert:

Erin, clad in mourning,

appears to the poet as he knelt beside the graves of the Irish Princes,

on the hill of St. Peter, in Montorio, in Rome:

"Wailing she uplifted her arms

And, with eyes raised to heaven,

Addressed the Chief of the sky

In these doleful words :

Great God !

I pray thee to hear me.

Is it sinful to ask a brief question ? . . .

"Why should punishment be inflicted Most heavily on one race ?

Why should lowly slaves be freed.
Why should those once free be now enslaved ?
Why are the poor and innocent hanged,
And the guilty left joyful ?
Why are not heretics extirpated.

Why are the faithful persecuted by evil-doers ?

Why are not Lutherans punished,

While true believers are done to death ?

Why are the lambs left bleeding,

"Why are tbe wolves allowed to prey on the flocks?

By what justice is Erin cast down,

Why are her groans unheeded ?

Why are not the Gaels exalted,

A people who at all times obeyed God?

Since the coming of holy Patrick With the faith to Erin,

Neither reverse, nor pain, nor affliction,

For foreign might, nor sore oppression

Could take Christ's faith from the hearts of the Gaels.

Their light was brilliant as the sun,

It glittered as an Angel,

On it there fell neither blemish, stain, nor spot,

Throughout Ireland, on the sons of Miled.

Alas ! Christ ! this is true indeed.

What dost Thou require of us?

Wilt Thou not listen ?

Or is it Thy will never again to look upon us ?

Upon us, who have always adored Thee,

Now punished unjustly under the Saxons.

Surely, it was the Saxon blood, low

And treacherous, which deserved to have been forsaken."

Why are the lambs left bleeding,

"Why are the wolves allowed to prey on the flocks?

By what justice is Erin cast down,

Why are her groans unheeded ?

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Upon us, who have always adored Thee, Now punished unjustly under the Saxons.

Surely, it was the Saxon blood, low

And treacherous, which deserved to have been forsaken."

It was from the commencement a main object of the Puritans to bring on this famine. Ormonde's letters inform us* that '*Sir William Parsons advised the governor to the burning of corn, and to put man, woman, and child to the sword ; and Sir Adam Loftus wrote to the same effect." It was, indeed, the renewal of the policy pursued at the time of Elizabeth, and which was so strongly recommended by Spenser, " in order that thus," he said, ''the Irish might be driven to devour each other."

Historical Sketch of the Persecutions Suffered by the Catholics of Ireland

Under the Rule of Cromwell and The Puritans,

MOST REV. PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, D.D. RC ARCHBISHOP, 1884.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FÓDHLA Aoghán Ó Rathaille

Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ; I beseech the only Son of God to grant relief to the-Gaels.

Unless it pleaseth Christ our Lord to smite the Fiend at length, And restore unto our Mother-land her Freedom and her Strength, To scourge the ghastly Gall from our sullied shores and, oh ! Bring the true and gallant Gael back a n-Erinn beo ! THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN. Gaeilge DURMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER) O'SULLIVAN SANG.

Priest of the Penal Days: Odes of 1889 Catholic Ireland
Fr. Treacy

WHILE the author of these pages was a student at Louvain, he spent a great part of his recreation time in gathering up historical points connected with the history of the Irish Students and Schools of the Penal Days.

He then had no idea of writing a book on the subject. He merely wished for some information for his own private satisfaction. It was a real pleasure for him to learn how many of his dear countrymen, in; evil times, rose and shone in "the land of the stranger."

THE history of the Penal Time is one long psalm, full of sad pathos and mournful music. It is like the wail of Rachel, or the loud cry of Israel by the waters of Babylon.

It is too true that it recalls to our minds the sufferings of the Catacombs; the martyrdom of Agnes and Cecilia, of, Sebastian and Theodore, of Ignatius, Polycarp and Callistus ; but it is also true that it recalls the fervor, the constancy, the heroism, the victories of the first ages of Christianity.

It shows us what sacrifices our fathers were ready and willing to make for the sake of knowledge and Christ.

It tells us how they kept alive in caverns and on solitary cliffs the torches of Wisdom and Sanctity. It shows us what the Irish priesthood suffered for love of of their country and faith.

It teaches us to prize and cherish the Holy Faith, handed down to us at the cost of toil and blood and tears. It incites us to purity of life and nobility of action. It points out to us what we may become, for

" Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime. "

Whether we consider the Irish student as a youth sitting beneath the vines of Italy reading... or as a professor of theology or philosophy in some celebrated school, or whether we consider him as a missionary on one of his native hills, with a price set on his head and spies and blood-hounds on his track, or as a lonely prisoner in Birmingham Tower, or the Tower of London, his story is an important story.

The diary of the Irish student in foreign halls and monasteries ; the diary of the Irish student crossing dangerous seas in order to enter on his mission of death ; his wanderings in wolf-infested woods and on barren moors : his hours of solitude in gloomy caves and ruined cabins ; his arrest, conviction and martyrdom, should afford subjects for the poet's pen and the painter's brush, and should be treated with love and reverence by the simple historian, by the narrator of cold, dry and common facts.

The life of every true missionary is hard, perilous and laborious. He must be ready to work and travel as well during the night as during the day. He can never think of himself or his own convenience while there is a duty to perform, while there is a soul to save.

He must be willing to suffer from fatigue, from hunger, from cold. He must hourly take up his cross and follow closely in the footsteps of his Divine Master.

In many an Irish hut in the wildest and most solitary parts of the country, all through the Penal Days, could be found schoolmasters who had won many a medal in the most famous schools and universities of Europe.

His altar was an uncarved rock,

The Priest of Penal Days;

His choir the waves upon the lough,

The Priest of Penal Days ;

His incense rose from flowerets wild—

His temple—Nature undefiled

His acolyte=— a peasant child—

The Priest of Penal Days.

His garden was the lonely moor,

The Priest of Penal Days ;

His bread came from the poorest poor,

The Priest of Penal Days ;

He scorned the earth and all it gave,

His mansion was a gloomy cave,

His goal—a glorious martyr's grave.

Grand Priest of Penal Days.

AVE MARIA!

Oh, never yet was a music sweet,

As an Ave whispered low;

Oh, the Angels speed on pinions fleet,

To hear its sacred flow;

Ave Maria,

How sweet it floats o'er the stormy wave,

"When the mariners kneel to pray;

How sweet it flows o'er the new-made grave

Of a friend just passed away ;

Ave Maria.

How rich it breathes in the chapel dim,

How rich 'neath cathedral dome ;

More rich a sound, or more grand a hymn.

Never cheered a Christian home ;

Ave Maria.

Oh, sweet is an Ave at all times,

'Tis the sweetest sound on earth ;

It hath the ring of sinless climes,

'Tis a note of heavenly birth

Ave Maria.

THE MONKS OF ERIN.

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their names are treasured still
In many a foreign valley, on many a foreign hill.

Their preaching, prayers, and fastings are still the peasants' themes
Around the coast of Cornwall, and along old Flanders' streams.

Their lives austere and holy, and the wonders of their hands
Still nourish faith and sanctity through fair Italia's lands.

The cross they bore in triumph still bright as ever shines
Above the domes of Austria, among the Tuscan vines.

Sedulius, the poet, and Columbkille, the dove,
At Rome and Hy are honored, and remembered still with love ;

At Lucca, St. Frigidian, in a church ablaze with lights.
Is honored with pure worship, 'mid the pomp of Roman rites,

Even still the British miners exult on Piran's [Ciarán] feast.
And though they hate the Church of Rome, they venerate her priest.

The bells of sweet Tarentum, as they wake the matin air.
Still tell in tones of gladness that Catuldus' faith is there.

Quaint Mechlin's noblest temple to an Irish monk is raised.
In every home in Mechlin St. Rumold's name is praised ;

Virgilius, the gifted, in his glorious Salzburg tomb,
Is honored by the silent prayer and by the cannon's boom ;

Old hymns are sung to Fridolin in the islands of the Rhine,
And the relics of Besanc,on's saint sleep in a silver shrine ;

The Irish monks, the Irish monks, their spirit still survives
In the stainless church of Ireland, and in her priesthood's lives,

Their spirit still doth linger round Holy Cross and Kells—
Oh, Ireland's monks can know no death "while gush our holy wells.

High Cashel's fame is standing, and though in the spoiler's hand
Like the ---, 'tis a blessing to our land,

For proudly it reminds us of the palmy days of yore,
When chiefs were monks and monks were chiefs
upon our Irish shore.

THERE IS HOPE FOR ERIN.

There is hope for Erin,

While in ten thousand cells,

Where devotion ever dwells,

The meek-faced nuns are telling,

While their hearts with love are swelling,

Ten thousand rosaries for Erin.

There is hope for Erin,

While monk and saintly priest

Offer up the Sacred Feast,

With tears and nightly sighing.

For an Isle in sorrow lying,

An isle whose music-name is Erin.

There is hope for Erin :

Her sons, to virtue true,

By their holy actions sue

From God the choicest blessing.

From the Sacred Heart caressing

For the Sacred Heart's own isle, Erin,

There is hope for Erin:

While angel-censers wave.

While her saints for mercy crave,

While Virgin-Mother's pleading

Can move the Victim bleeding

On thy altar's sacred stone, Erin.

MEMORIES OF THE CONTINENT.

God bless those pictured college-walls,

We loved upon the Continent;

God bless those glorious college-halls,

We loved upon the Continent;

God bless our friends of France and Spain,

God bless old Rome, God bless Louvain,

God bless each gifted heart and brain.

We found upon the Continent.

How peaceful passed our college-days,

Upon the grand, old Continent;

How sweetly rose our vesper lays.

Upon the noble Continent;

How dear to us each blushing vine.

From Tiber to the chiefly Rhine,—

How dear to us each sacred shrine

Upon the good, old Continent.

OUR CROSSES AND SHAMROCKS.

Nations may boast of their might and their treasures,
They may count in their pride their ships and their men.
But virtue and faith are a country's true measures—
The shamrock and cross are a power in each glen.

The swords of our sires often won us pure glory,
But from crosses we borrow the best of our light.
Take away from Queen Erin her grand Christian story
And you snatch from her crown the jewel most bright.

Our lyres may be broken, our keen weapons rusted,
And trampled the banners our forefathers bore,
But we'll hold the loved faith to our country entrusted—
Our crosses and shamrocks we'll keep evermore.

St. Patrick's grand "Credo" by law was forbidden,
His altars were razed through the land of the Gael,
But Masses were chanted in caves deep and hidden,
And faith lit the heart of our sweet Innisfail.

The blood of our saints often dyed Erin's crosses,
And shamrocks grew green 'neath the rain of their tears.
But no suffering nor tortures we name as deep losses ;

Our faith is the triumph of dark penal years.

Loved faith of old Ireland, how fair is thy glowing
Thy light is the purest that mortals can see ;
The high throne of God is the source of thy flowing,
No land is in bondage that thou hast set free.

Pull vain is the tyrant, full vain his endeavor,
Who would drive away faith from Erin's brave shore ;
Nor fire, nor the sword, nor white famine can sever
Our hearts from the crosses and shamrocks of yore.

Ye may hew down the oaks in our deep valleys springing.
Ye may level our cots by each dark wood and sward ;
Ye may exile each bard that we love for his singing,
But our crosses and shamrocks for ever we'll guard.

We scorn all your racks and your "scavenger's daughters,"
We smile at your axes, your blocks, and your chain ;
Ye may chase us with blood-hounds through brakes and o'er waters,
But true to our faith we shall ever remain.

The waves of wild ocean may sweep over our island.
And only the hill-tops of Erin be seen ;

Even then, even then these emeralds of dry land

Will glow 'neath our crosses and shamrocks of green.

When we sleep the long sleep by some bright Irish river,

Or lie in cold clay on some far stranger shore,

Be the cross our true friend to stand near us ever,

May shamrocks grow green on our hearts evermore.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAURICE EUSTACE, S. J.

(Maurice Eustace, a youth of great promise, entered the society of Jesus at Bruges, in Flanders, and having returned to Ireland was seized by the cruel soldiers of Elizabeth, and put to death for the Faith, on the 9th of June, 1588.)

In abbeys gray, and ivied towers,

The sweet toned bells are slowly ringing

Martyr-Novice, sleep in peace ;

In chapels dim, and cloistered bowers,

The holy nuns are sadly singing—

Blessed Novice, rest in peace.

Thou, Ignatius' loyal son,

Palm and crown hast nobly won

Saintly Novice, rest in peace.

II.

Blessed the land that bore thee,

Blessed the flowers now o'er thee,

Blessed the friends that knew thee;

Bad the hands that slew thee ;

Slew thee in thy lovely youth.

Slew thee for thy God and Truth—

Noble Novice rest in peace.

True disciple of the Cross,

Erin weeps thee as her loss,

Exiles near the Hebrides,

Exiles on dark India's seas,

Brown-cowled monks at Papal Home,

Prelates 'neath St. Romold's dome,

Pale- faced students at Louvain,

[Blustery] chiefs in France and Spain;

All now join the sad refrain—

Youthful martyr, rest in peace.

IV.

Hear that voice from street and steeple

Erin's loved one, rest in peace.

Hear their voice—the Irish people—

Noble Eustace, sleep in peace ;

O'er thy fate we must not sigh,

Martyrs bleed but never die,

Martyrs fall by axe or blade.

But no grave for them is made—

Erin's Martyr, rest in peace,

Thou hast fallen for thy sireland,

For the Faith of virgin Ireland,

Thou hast fallen, torn, gory.

But undying is thy story.

But unclouded is thy glory—

Hero-Novice sleep in peace.

REFUGE OF THE WRETCHED.

(One of the titles given our Lady, in the old Gaelic Litany, is Refuge of the Wretched.)

Refuge of the Wretched, my soul is dark with woe,

Refuge of the Wretched, no light around me glow,

Refuge of the Wretched, my heart with pain will break,

Refuge of the Wretched, no joy from life I take ;

Help me, help me, Mother, O! let me hear thy voice,

Thy tone alone, Mother, can make my soul rejoice.

Mother, were I happy, did my hours in sweetness roll.

Were there sunshine in my heart, and music in my soul,

Were I never pierced by sorrow, never touched by pain.

Were I like a seraph, all free from every shade of stain,—

Refuge of the Wretched, I could not hope from Thee

More true love, more sure love, than in my Misery.

THE IRISH CULCHIE'S SONG.

I bless Thee, God, who gave me love
For this, my humble home ;
I find sweet joys within this cot
Ne'er felt by those who roam.

I hear at noon our chapel-bell,
At eve, my childrens' prayer ;
I have a friendly face to see
Around me everywhere.

I know each voice that greets me here,
I know the hands I take ;
I read the eyes that look on me,
I know how free to make.

My little field is blessed clay,
The dust of Righteous monk and nun ;
The morning air is loaded still
With hymns of saints long gone.

I've often heard that those who go

In foreign lands to roam,

"With eyes all wet, and hearts full sore.

Sigh for their Irish home.

Then tell me not of happy lands

Far o'er the raging sea ;

My Irish roof, my Irish cot

Make Paradise for me.

ERIN'S PRAYER

Master of the ocean vast.

Let ocean drink my sorrow;

Speak but the word, and night shall pass,

And bright shall shine my morrow.

Some vainly fear that were I free,

"Were I a rich, great nation,

I'd basely turn away from Thee,

And lose my Christian station.

Some fear to break my galling chains.

They fear from Thee I'd sever;

Thou art my Lord—in freedom's light

I'll do Thy will forever.

I clung to Thee in woe and want,

Thy cross shines through my story;

Why should I leave Thee in the blaze

Of freedom, or of glory?

Kind Master, show poor, erring man,

That freedom comes from heaven,

That with the gift of saoirse

Thy grace is always given.

HER ROSARY OF WELLS.

Ireland is enriched and beautified by a vast number of wells. The following verses poetically account for their origin.

The Angel spread her gleaming wings

Upon the golden light;

A sweet "adieu" to heaven she sang,

Then sailed from visions bright.

Like winged star she crossed the sky,

She fanned the fields of blue ;

She passed the moon with heedless eye

Down, down to earth she flew.

She saw the nations of the earth In error's baneful shade ;

She saw the fairest isle below In sinful pomp arrayed.

''Is this the destined home of saints? The chosen isle of God ? ''

The Angel dropped a holy tear That purified the bog.

She wept upon the mountain peak,

She wept in secret dells ;

She placed on pagan Erin then

Her Rosary of wells.

ERIN, DEAR!

Bright gold sleeps in thy mountains, Erin, Dear

In silver leap thy fountains, Erin, Dear!

Thy skies with light are glowing,

Thy winds in music blowing,

Thy buds in beauty growing,Erin, Dear!

Thy streams are sweetly singing, Erin, Dear!

Thy chapel bells are ringing, Erin, Dear!

Thy vales of song and story,—

Thy castles strong, dont worry,

To me still beam with glory, Erin, Dear!

Pure as Avunduff's waters,Erin, Dear!

Are they brave sons and daughters, Erin, Dear

Thy great heart beats, the Ocean,

With its sublime emotion—

-Chaste Temple of Devotion, Erin, Dear !

Laoi An Lámh Dhearg

(Supposed to been written when first the "Red Hand of Ulster" was unfurled.)

Do you wait for the swords of seraphs to flash in your holy cause ?

Do you -wait for a heaven-sent Moses to free you from alien laws ?

Do you look to the skies for manna to feast you in famine years ?

Do you hope for the hands of angels to dry up your fount of tears ?

Do you think that the graves will open and yield up hosts 'gainst your foes ?

Do you dream that Red Seas will cover the tyrants that cause your woes ?

Look not for these favours, my people ; look not for miracles grand;

Arise like the waves of the Ocean, and strike for your own dear Land.

Trust now to your valour and virtue ; trust now to your flashing steel,

Charge down on the black-hearted foeman,— in this is your only weal.

Pray, yes pray to the God of Battles to nerve yon for deadly strife ;

If you fall on a field blood-reddened,—to God offer up your life.

In vain you have begged from the tyrant to live in your own Green Isle.

You may beg till the Day of Judgment,—the Saxon has naught but guile,

Think, oh think of the sword of Judith, think of the brave Maccabee,

Think of your wrongs, your homes, your altars, and strike that you may be free.

Join hands with each foe of England, join hands with Lakota, and New Orleans,

Dye red the green folds of your Banner in blood of your Saxon slain,

If you bleed in the fight for Ireland, not rebels but martyrs you,

If you fall for your homesteads warring your death will be brave and true.

Remember the blood of your martyrs ! Remember the tears of your maids!

Remember the Strongbows and Cromwells! Remember the fires in your glades!

Remember the exiles who perished—the priests and the bards, and chiefs—

It is yours to avenge their exile—it is yours toavenge their griefs !

O ! Erin chaste, O ! Holy Isle
The Cross is still thy glorious sign ;
O ! bear it bravely for a while,
It crowns thee with a light divine.

What though thy tears must nightly fall
On rocky beds and thorny ways,
What though thy chiefs must pine in thrall,
And sorrow sadden all thy lays.
Thou art the chosen Isle of God,
The home of holy Faith and love.
With sainted dust in every bog.
And saints in every star above.

THE CROSS.

Tell me, strong Faith, I asked, "Which is the fairest tree ?

Faith smiled, and said to me :

''The fairest Tree to Faith—The Cross."

Tell me, bright hope, I cried, "What lights the skies for thee ?

Hope shone, and answered me :

"Hope's ever-burning star—The Cross."

Tell me, chaste Love, I breathed, What is thy mystery ?

Love sighed, and whispered me :

"Love's deepest mystery—The Cross."

Tell me, pale grief, I said, "What can bring joy to thee?

Grief wept, and said to me :

"My only fount of bliss—The Cross."

O, budding Earth, I sang, "What makes all nature free ?

Earth singing said to me :

"My son, thou knowest well—The Cross."

Sweet Peace, I touched my lyre, "What must my palm-branch be ?

Peace thought, and answered me :

"The Palm of all God's sons—The Cross."

THE SWORD ALONE.

(A Song of 1641.)

The Sword alone can right your wrongs,

All brave men now must own it;

The Sword to Saoirse's cause belongs,

All history past has shown it.

Then grasp the Sword,

And say no word,

Bright steel must plead for Ireland.

In vain you weep, in rain you pray,

Your masters smile, and heed not;

You sigh in vain for freedom's ray

"While Erin's foemen bleed not.

Then grasp the Sword,

And say no word,

Sharp steel must speak for Ireland.

Fling out your banners to the sky,

Place swords around them gleaming;

Your tyrant foes can scare deny

What's asked by sabres beaming.

Friends, grasp the sword. And say no word,

Bare steel must plead for Ireland.

With arms in hand now claim your right,

Your arms alone can serve you ;

Your Justice yet will vanquish Might,—

But your arms first must nerve you.

Unsheathe the Sword,

And say no word.

With steel now strike for Ireland.

THE HOMES OF OLD TIPPERARY

I will not pray for wealth or power.
For fleeting fame or glory ;
I will not pray that I may live In Ireland's sacred story :

But I will ask my Patron Saint,
And my sweet Mother, Mary,
To guard, and bless, and ever love The Homes of Old Tipperary.

I'll ask a blessing on the Suir,—
The river of my childhood ;
I'll ask a blessing on loved scenes—
On mountain, field, and wild-wood;

To-night I'll ask my Patron Saint,
And my sweet Mother, Mary,
To gladden with their brightest smiles
The Homes of old Tipperary.

I've wandered much in foreign lands,
But still my heart is swelling
With all its love for early friends,
And for my boyhood's dwelling ;

So now I'll pray my Patron Saint,

And my sweet Mother, Mary,

To guard, and bless, and love for me

The Homes of Old Tipperary.

LINES TO IRISH STUDENTS.

I.

O! tell me, students—ye of Irish blood—

Are ye never sad in lively France or Spain?

Do ye never sit in a lonely mood

In the classic halls of renowned Louvain ?

II.

Do you never wish for a dear old friend

To unload your hearts of their hopes and fears ?

Do ye never wish for a speedy end

To the long, hard chain of your exiled years ?

Do ye never think of the Shannon's tide,

Or the lovely banks of the Boyne or Suir ?

Do ye never feel in your hearts a pride

At the thought of Erin, so fair and pure ?

IV.

Do ye never dream of Old Ireland's hills ?

When the stars light up soft Italian skies?

Do ye never weep over Erin's ills

When ye hear that in sorrow deep she lies ?

V.

When dear Christmas comes, or the Easter bells

Speak aloud from each lofty tower and dome,

Do ye never sigh, in your foreign cells.

For the love and joy of your Irish Home?

A HYMN TO FAITH.

O! holy Faith ;

O! Sacred Light,

Forever beam on me ;

like a star, shine on my night.

And light me o'er life's sea.

The deep I sail is fierce and dark,

A wide, unbounded way,

I cannot steer my wandering bark

Without thy saving ray.

The shore is far away, I know,

And rocks and shoals are nigh,

Among a thousand wrecks I go,

O! star, my starless sky.

I sail, and sail, but know not where—

Before me, death and night;

O! holy Faith, now hear my prayer,

And show thy blessed light.

Shine on the waves that 'round me roar,

Shine on the far-off strand,

Be thou my light-house by the shore.

My sunshine on the land.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon the great sufferings of Most Bev. Archbishop Malachy O'Queely, {Kelly} who being found with the Connaught army after its defeat by Sir Charles Coote, had his right arm cut off and his body cut up into small pieces by the Puritans ; nor is it necessary to speak of the trials of De Burgo, of Peter Talbot, of Richard Creagh, of Murtagh O'Brien, all of whom, distinguished prelates, were confined for years in loathsome prisons ; their histories are well known ; their wrongs are still recounted on many a winter's night by the firesides of Ireland, recounted by the people for whose faith they suffered ;—

If tears could fertilize the field,

Or Celtic blood make roses blow,

What harvests would fair Erin yield,

What blushes would her valleys know !

Ah ! Sorrow's tears are not for earth,

They dew the gardens of the sky ;

A martyr's blood will ne'er give birth

To fruits or flowers that swiftly die.

The lilies round the Virgin's head,—

The palm the martyr holds in hand,—

The tree that shades the Blessed Dead,

Are nourished by my suffering Land.

Malachy Ó Kelly

Malachy Ó Caollaidhe, also known as Malachy Queally, Malachias Quælly, O'Queely or O'Quechly (died 1645) was an Irish Roman

Catholic Archbishop of Tuam. He was called by Irish writers Maelseachlainn Ua Cadhla, by John Colgan Queleus, and by Thomas Carte, O'Kelly.[1] Malachy Ó Caollaidhe was born in the barony of Corcomroe in County Clare...Ó Caollaidhe became a student at the College of Navarre in Paris, and there graduated with a Doctorate of Divinity. He was professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne for a time. He returned to Ireland and was appointed the vicar-apostolic of Killaloe by a papal brief on 30 August 1619. Following the death of Florence Conroy, he was appointed the archbishop of Tuam on 28 June 1630 and consecrated at Galway on 10 October 1630 by Thomas Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, with Richard Arthur, bishop of Limerick, and Boetius Egan, bishop of Elphin, serving as co-consecrators.

In 1631 he presided at a council held at Galway to enforce the decrees of the council of Trent in Ireland. He caused the ancient wooden figure of St. Mac Dara in the church of Cruachmic Dara, County Galway, to be buried on the island, probably in consequence of some superstitious proceedings to which it had given rise. He went into hiding for several months in 1634 when the state wished to investigate charges of him having ordained priests.[2]

His work in Tuam provoked a complaint from Richard Boyle, the Church of Ireland archbishop of Tuam, in 1641.[3] Queally attended the national synod of 1643, by which the Catholic Confederation was organized, and its assembly at Kilkenny in 1645. He was elected to the Supreme Council, and later was appointed President of Connaught. The Papal Nuncio Giovanni Battista Rinuccini planned to meet him and Heber MacMahon upon his arrival in 1645 but he died before this could occur: Pope Innocent X had Ó

Caollaidhe visited the Aran islands and wrote an account of his trip. During the Irish Confederate Wars, he raised a body of fighting men in Galway and Mayo, and joined the forces of Sir James Dillon, near Ballysadare, County Sligo.

They aimed to recover Sligo from the Scottish Covenanters.[3] On Sunday, 26 October 1645, Viscount Taafe and Dillon dined with Queally, and while they were dining the Irish forces were attacked by Sir Charles Coote, Sir William Cole, and Sir Francis Hamilton, and put to flight. The archbishop's secretary, Tadhg O'Connell, was killed trying to save his master, and the archbishop himself was first wounded by a pistol-shot, and then cut down.

The Earl of Glamorgan's agreement with the Confederate Catholics and a letter from Charles I of England were found in his pocket. The English Parliament published the correspondence to prejudice both parties, Catholic and royalist. Walter Lynch on the Irish side gave £30 for his body, which was carried to Tuam. It was reburied some time later by Brigit, Lady Athenry, but the tomb is no longer known. Dr. Edmund Meara wrote an epitaph for him in Latin verse, but failed to discover his burial-place. [source lost]

THE PENAL DAYS IN IRELAND.

"Oh, Holy Cross, dear symbol of the dread

Death of our Lord,

Around thee long have slept our Martyr-dead,

Sward over sward,

An hundred Bishops I myself can count

Among the slain;

Chiefs, Captains, rank and file, a shining mount

Of God's ripe grain.

The history of the Penal Time is one long psalm, full of sad pathos and mournful music. It is like the wail of Rachel, or the loud cry of Israel by the waters of Babylon. It is truly the bleakest picture in the history of a generous and faithful people.

...Yet to us, who possess the true Faith, that pearl without price, there is something in the sound, in the echo of its sorrowful strains that causes our hearts to beat with joy, that tempts our lips to pour forth the glad, triumphant notes of the old Te Deum of Ambrose...

:

"We praise Thee, God, And we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;

All the earth Doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting."

Ah, it is a sad thing to die in exile. It is a sad thing to sleep in the earth far, far away from one's native land. But oh, it is a thousand times better for our noble students to rest in holy ground, to lie beneath holy altars and sacred pulpits, to rest in chapels where the Office is daily chanted, to rest in shrines where pilgrims ever pray, than to have their burned ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven by the sacrilegious and bloody hands of the minions of Henry or Elizabeth, or of the vile troopers of Cromwell.

Though our Irish monks would naturally wish to repose in death at holy Lismore, at Diseart Kellach, or in Arran of the Saints ; though our Irish friars, when the shadows and dews of dissolution were upon them, would long for the holy earth of Multifernan or of Eoserilly, where Maurice O'Fihiley reposes; still, we may easily imagine that we hear them say in the light and strength of their grand and glorious Faith :

Care not for that, and lay us where we fall,
Everywhere heard will be the judgment call;
But at God's altar, oh, remember us.

SHADOWS.

All the earth is full of shadows,

Shadows 'neath the palace wall,

Shadows from the cottage fall,

Shadows by the stately tower,

Shadows by the lowly flower,

Shadows on the hill and plain,

Shadows on the lake and main,

Shadows in the lonely glen,

Shadows in the hearts of men.

Shadows on the maiden's brow.

Shadows arrive we know not how, —

But the earth is full of shadows.

SONG FOR FISHERMEN.

Our boats are filled with their silver freight.

Our work on the deep is done ;

The shadows fall, for the hour is late,

We'll steer towards the setting sun ;

"We'll sail to our homes far in the west,

We'll follow the golden light;

As the sea-birds seek, at eve, their nest,

So we'll sail for home to-night.

Row, fishers, row. Our work on the deep is done ;

Row, fishers, row, We'll sail for the setting sun.

The sea we love when its face is bright,

It is the fishermen's mine ;

We plough its vales and hills of light,

While day-glories above us shine ;

But now that the shadows around us creep,

We'll steer to our western home.

We'll fly from the darkness and the deep,

We'll fly from the blinding foam.

Row, fishers, row,

Our task on the deep is done :

Row, fishers, row.

We'll sail for the sinking sun.

All day we toiled in the heaving sea,

Our prows to the west we turn ;

To-night we'll rest from all dangers free,

See lights in each cottage burn ;

God bless our wives and our daughters brave,

For our boats they've prayed all day,

And now we come from the stormy wave

Their love and faith to repay.

Row, fishers, row,

Our toil on the sea is done ;

Row, fishers, row,

Row swift for the setting sun.

There is a man and then there is a Killybegs man.

KIND HEARTS.

Kind hearts are found in every land,
And noble souls in court and cot,
Our race is one fraternal band,
Though strange our fortunes and our lot;

A pilgrim's life my life has been,
I've met stout Teutons and gay Franks,
And friendship true I've always seen
Upon the Ehine and fair Seine's banks.

Beneath Canadian pines I've slept,
When winter came in robes of snow,
And though for home I nightly wept,
Kind words oft came to chase my woe;

The woodmen welcomed me with joy,
And made me share their frugal fare ;
They bade me be once more a boy.
And cast away my look of care.

The Belgians sang for me their songs.

They heard my songs with tearful eyes ;

The brave Poles told me of their wrongs,

And Romans told me of their skies :

For every land true love I feel,

Oh, every land was kind to me ;

Hear Nature speak— a thunder-peal—

"True men are men where'er they be."

BE NOT AFRAID.

Sad soul, sad soul,

Be not afraid;

Thy cross was made,

Thy burden weighed,

By Hands that bled for thee ;

Sad soul, sad soul,

Be not afraid.

Poor soul, poor soul,

Be not afraid

Sweet Jesus knows

Thy ills and woes,

And deeply pities thee;

Poor soul, poor soul,

Be not afraid.

Faint heart, faint heart,

Be not afraid;

Lo, angels come

To lead thee Home,

And take thy load from thee;

Faint heart, faint heart,

Be not afraid.

HOLY SPIRIT, COME AND GUIDE ME.

Holy Spirit, come and guide me,

For Thy Light I daily pine ;

All around is dark and gloomy,

Let Thy Rays upon me shine.

II.

From my soul dispel all shadows,

From my heart now banish care ;

Teach me how to bear my crosses,

Give me sweetness in my prayer.

III.

Speak to me of Heaven's beautifes,

Tell me of Thy Sinless Land ;

Lead me up that Holy Mountain

Where but Purified may stand.

IV.

Lead me o'er the paths of virtue,

Keep me far from shame and sin;

Give me peace in holy actions,

Drive from me all strife and din.

V.

Show the vainness of false pleasures,

Show how fleeting are man's days.

Show that Thou alone canst give me

Force to walk through stainless ways.

OUE LADY OF SORROW.

Dense the gloom of all creation—

On the blackest spot of all

Is a lonely Virgin's station,

Weeping o'er man's deepest fall.

Dead is Jesus, and His Mother

Is abandoned on the Hill;

Men have slain their God, their Brother,

Now their mother's cup they fill.

In the city traitors are boasting

Of the crime that stains to-day,

Horror, they are vainly toasting ;—

"Pilate," *' Herod," "great are they !"

Dead is Jesus, thou art sighing,

Mother of the Tender Heart,

Thou art weary, thou art dying.

Sad is now thy doleful part.

Mother dearest, Virgin tearful,

"Will no mortals watch with thee ?

Are the sons of Adam fearful

Of the Cross—their Saving Tree?

In the darkness, full of sadness.

May I on the Hill be seen ;

There I'll hate all sinful madness—

There I'll love my Chief and Queen.

Mary weeping, Jesus bleeding,

Ever will be dear to me ;

Sighing, moaning, warmly pleading,

May I stand on Calvary !

THE WORLD.

' Tis vain to seek for bliss below—
The ancient curse will ever burn;
Our earth is but the nurse of woe—
"Who seeks true joys, to God must turn,

Our gardens bear each hateful weed,
"While all around the briers bloom ;
From Paradise no blissful seed
Was blown afar to Adam's tomb.

There is no stone on earth to build
A house where drossless joys abide;
There is no gold with power to gild
A peaceful home for human pride.

The world is but a stagnant lake,
Reflecting lovely shores and skies;
Its dazzling stillness dare to break,
And lo ! what foulness in it lies.

A SOUL IN SIN.

It was God's temple years ago,

Behold it now ;

With love and faith it once did glow

Behold it now ;

Its altar was the Spirit's throne,

Its incense rose to Him alone,

With praises rang its every stone,—

Behold it now.

In ruin lies this temple fair,—

A thing of shame ;

It breathes no more of holy prayer,—

This place of shame ;

Its hymn of love is heard no more,

No angels flock here to adore,

The serpent's slime is on its floor,—

Dark place of shame

THE BARD.

The bard is like a timid bird
That's seldom seen but ofttimes heard
Singing sweet and gladsome strains;

Singing in the pines and briers,
Kindling Nature's bardic fires,
Waking all the woodland choirs,
And the songs upon the plains.

The bard is like a linnet gray
That sings his time and life away,
Cheering lonely hours and days ;
Cheering with his fount of song
Pilgrims as they pass along.
Cheering e'en the heedless throng
Passing o'er life's busy ways.

The bard is like an angel bright

That speaks to man, both day and night,

Calling him to higher things ;

Calling him from mart and street,

Where a thousand passions meet,

Calling him to God's own Feet,

And the board of kingly kings.

I AM WEARY OF THE CITY.

I.

I am weary of the city,
Weary of its strife and din,
Weary of its pains and pleasures,
Weary of its works of sin,

And I sigh for deep, green meadows
In whose depths the skylarks nest,
And I bless that dear, good valley
Where in youth I found sweet rest.

II.

I am weary of the city—
Though I came bright fame to win—
And my heart is dark with sorrow,
And my soul grows sick within ;
How I long for singing woodlands,
And for homesteads free from care,
How I long for that old hamlet
Where we hailed the Night by prayer.

I am weary of the city,
'Tis the selfish work of man,
And a dark cloud hangs above it,

Like a dismal pall, or ban ;

So I pace its streets full weary.

And I weep amid its blaze,

And I grieve that I am severed

From loved Nature's dew-bright ways

IN THE COUNTRY.

Once more in the green, wavy meadows,

Once more 'neath a sky, broad,—blue,

Once more by the gold-sanded streamlets,

And hedge-rows of flowers and dew ;

Once more I sit 'mid snow daisies,

With hearts of the purest gold,

Once more and I leave life's shadows

To live in the days of old.

Again I am fanned by the breezes

That rifle the sweet, wild flowers,

Again I am drinking the music

That flows from the bird-loved bowers ;

Again I kneel down in our chapel

And join with our village choir,

And my heart grows warm and tender,

And my soul soars higher and higher.

How grand are Thy "Works, dear Master,—

The dark green chain of high hills,

How fair are Thy Works, loved Father,—

The vales, and the lakes, and rills;

O ! vain are the world's false sages

Who tell us Thou art not near,

O ! blind are the foolish dreamers,

Who see not Thy foot-prints here.

OH, THUS THE BARDS.

Enthroned among the dark-green pines
By no one seen, the linnet sings ;
Enthroned among the lone, dark pines
The linnet's voice now clearly rings ;
He recks not who may hear his songs ;
He recks not though they be not heard,
He sings of loves, and joys, and wrongs,
He sings for self, the happy bird.

The shepherd on the lonely hills.
At eventide pours forth his strains ;
He pipes of meads, and flocks, and rills
And hamlets on the flowery plains ;
He dreams not, that deep in the vale,
The toilers pause to hear his voice,
He dreams not that his sweet notes sail
Far off, to make sad hearts rejoice.
Oh, thus the bards in their charmed cells,
Think of their lyres and not of men ;
Oh, thus the bards in their hidden cells
Forget the workers in life's glen ;
They sing their songs to please themselves.
And not to please the world's dull ear;

They sing their songs to soothe their souls,

Not dreaming of the listeners near.

FAIR SPOUSE OF CHRIST.

(to the church.)

Fair Spouse of Christ, thy glory 'round me shed,
Cast on my soul the poet's purest fire ;
Give to my songs new life when I am dead,
For I have loved thee and thy lyre.

I long to praise thy sons—the bard and saint,
I long to sing sweet songs of my loved Queen,
But my weak soul, a wearied bird, grows faint
Ere heaven's beauty it hath reached or seen.

I long to tell the world how deep and strong
My love for thee is—Bride of Life and Truth ;
I long to sing for thee one burning song
Ere pass away the loving days of youth.

Chaste Spouse of Christ, all beautiful and fair,
My soul is kindled with bright thoughts of thee;
For thee I'll sing, for thee shall rise my prayer,—
My only One, forever dear to me.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

I.

Yes, take my harp and break its strings,

Destroy for aye its tuneful voice.

Take from me all that nature brings

To make my lonely heart rejoice.

II.

Hush songs of birds, hush songs of streams!

In darkness hide each green-boughed tree;

Stay, stay the summer's cheering beams,

Let all earth's beauties fly from me.

But leave me Faith, and Hope, and Love—

Three lamps to light my awful gloom—

But let me cling to God above—

Then welcome be the martyr's doom.

LOVE OF IRELAND.

Can it be wrong to love the Land

Our brave sires died to free ?

Can it be wrong to prize the shore

That saints have yearned to see ?

No, Oh, no !

The saints in heaven cry,—"No !"

Can it be wrong to love the fields

Where sainted men are laid ?

Can it be wrong to hail with joy The fairest Isle God made ?

No, Oh, no

The saints in heaven cry,—"No !"

IRISH BARDS.

"Where have they found their melodies?—

Those melodies that melt the soul—

Deep in lone woods, or by sad seas,

Or on broad meads where deep floods roll?

Where have they caught the wondrous strains

That wet with tears the long-dried eyes?—

On Winter hills, on misty plains,

Or in the clouded, mournful skies?

Oh, tell me, __--? ____ say where You found the music of your lyres ?

Speak, speak, _____--, and _____—

What Muse your noble Song inspires?

Does Music haunt old Erin's cells,

Where long ago her hermits prayed ?

Are there kind angels in her dells,

Who teach how sweetest songs are made ?

THIS IS MY NATIVE LAND. •

Land of the lovely shrines!

Fount of the sacred wells!

Ward of the mystic towers!

Church of the blessed bells!—

This is my Native Land !

Child of the greenest waves!

Harp of the sweetest lays!

Lamp of the deathless flame!

Star of the brightest rays !—

This is my Native Land !

Isle of the richest vales!

Nurse of the fairest flowers!

Love of the bravest men!

Bride of the brightest hours!

This is my Native Land I

Home of the chastest maids!

Love of Redemption's Sign!

Nun of the sainted fame!

Casket of jewels divine!—

This is my Native Land !

Analects

CHAP. VII. 1. The philosopher Tsang said, 'The officer may not be without breadth of mind and vigorous endurance. His burden is heavy and his course is long.

2. 'Perfect virtue is the burden which he considers it is his to sustain;-- is it not heavy? Only with death does his course stop;-- is it not long?

CHAP. VIII. 1. Sifu said, 'It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused.

The philosopher Tsang being ill, he called to him the disciples of his school, and said, It is said in the Book of Poetry, "We should be apprehensive and cautious, as if on the brink of a deep gulf, as if treading on thin ice," and so have I been.

Tao Te Ching

A truly good man does nothing, Yet leaves nothing undone. A foolish man is always doing, Yet much remains to be done.

When a truly kind man does something, he leaves nothing undone. When a just man does something, he leaves a great deal to be done.

When a disciplinarian does something and no one responds,

He rolls up his sleeves in an attempt to enforce order.

Therefore when Tao is lost, there is goodness.

When goodness is lost, there is kindness.

When kindness is lost, there is justice. When justice is lost, there ritual. Now ritual is the husk of faith and loyalty, the beginning of confusion. Knowledge of the future is only a flowery trapping of Tao.

It is the beginning of folly.

Therefore the truly great man dwells on what is real and not what is on the surface ...

MoZi

31.18 'Moreover, it was not only this that was the case. In former times, there was the Yin king, Zhou. He was ennobled as the Son of Heaven and enriched with all under Heaven. But he abused Heaven and insulted the ghosts above, and he brought calamity and death to the myriad people of the world below.

Everywhere he abandoned old people, killed young children, administered the torture of the burning pillar to the innocent, and he ripped open pregnant women. The masses, widowers and widows, and those orphaned and alone cried out but were not heard. It was because of this that Heaven sent Wu to carry out its clearly recognizable punishment.

'Enter by the narrow gate, since the road that leads to perdition is wide and

spacious, and many take it ; •but it is a narrow gate and a hard road that leads

to life, and only a few find it.

Matthew 25

"You must not cheat any poor man of yours of his rights at law.

•Keep out

of trumped-up cases: See that the man who is innocent and just is not done to death, and do not acquit the guilty. •You must not accept a bribe, for a bribe blinds clear-sighted men and is the ruin of the just man's cause.

22,20+ "You must not oppress the stranger; you know how a stranger feels, for you 9 lived as strangers in the land of Egypt.

"For six years you may sow your land and gather its produce, •but in the lY seventh year you must let it lie fallow and forego all produce from it.

Exodus 23

It is not every spirit, my dear people, that you can trust; test them, to see if they come from God, there are many false prophets, now, in the world. You can tell the spirits that come from God by this: every spirit which acknowledges that Jesus the Christ has come in the flesh is from God;

but any spirit which will not say this of Jesus is not from God,

but is the spirit of Antichrist, whose coming you were warned about.

Well, now he is here, in the world.

Na Páistí,

you have already overcome these false prophets, because you are from God and you have in you one who is greater than anyone in this world; as for

them, they are of the world, and so they speak the language of the world and the world listens to them.

But we are children of God, and those who know God listen to us;

those who are not of God refuse to listen to us. This is how we can tell

the spirit of truth from the spirit of falsehood

My dear people, let us love one another since love comes from God

and everyone who loves is begotten by God and knows God.

Anyone who fails to love can never have known God, because God is love.

God's love for us was revealed-when God sent into the world his only Son so that we could have life through him; this is the love I mean: not our love for God, but God's love for us when he sent his Son to be the sacrifice that takes our sins away. My dear people, since God has loved us so much, we too should love one another. No one has ever seen God ;' but as long as we love one another God will live in us and his love will be complete in us. We can know that we are living in him and he is living in us because he lets us share his Spirit.

1 John

IRISH COLLEGES ON THE CONTINENT, 1913.

The religious persecution under Elizabeth and James I led to the suppression of the monastic schools in Ireland in which the clergy for the most part received their education. It became necessary, therefore, to seek education abroad, and many colleges for the training of the secular clergy were founded on the Continent, at Rome, in Spain and Portugal, in Belgium, and in France.

The history of the Irish college and of the other Irish establishments at Rome is dealt with in special articles (see Irish College in Rome. etc.). That of the other Irish colleges on the Continent may, for the sake of order, be given in separate sections, according to the countries in which they existed. IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.—Salamanca.—The most famous of the Irish colleges in Spain was that of Salamanca, founded, at the petition of Father Thomas White, S.J., by a decree of Philip III dated 1592, and opened in 1593 with the title: El Real Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses. The support of the students was provided for by a royal endowment.

The discipline and management of the college was entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers at Salamanca, an Irish father holding the office of vice-rector. The Jesuits continued to govern the college until the order was expelled from Spain in 1767. Since that date the rectors of the college have been selected from amongst the Irish secular clergy, presented by the bishops of Ireland and confirmed by the King of Spain.

Dr. Birmingham was the first rector after the departure of the Jesuits. Dr. Curtis, subsequently Archbishop of Armagh, held that office from 1781 to 1812, and rendered valuable service to the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War. In more recent years Dr. William McDonald, of the Diocese

of Armagh, Father Cowan, of Dromore, Father Bernard Maguire, of Clogher, have been rectors. That office is at present held by the Very Rev. Michael O'Doherty, D.D., a priest of the Diocese of Achonry.

The Irish college at Salamanca was open to students from all the provinces of Ireland, but in the seventeenth century the majority of them came from the southern and eastern provinces. It was made cause of complaint that Father White, S.J., was unwilling to receive students from Ulster and Connaught, and the exiled Irish chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell, presented a remonstrance on the subject to the King of Spain. The students attended lectures in the famous University of Salamanca, and the college was the nursing mother of many eminent Irish ecclesiastics. Dr. Curtis of Armagh, Dr. Murray of Dublin, Dr. Kelly of Tuam, Dr. Laffan, and Dr. Everard of Cashel were all alumni of Salamanca, the last four being fellow-students.

At present the Irish students at Salamanca number about thirty, and attend lectures at the diocesan seminary which has taken the place of the theological faculty of the ancient university. The college is supported chiefly by ancient endowments, which are subject to the control of the Spanish Government.

Seville.—About 1612 a college for Irish students was established at Seville, and managed by secular priests, one of whom was Theobald Stapleton, who afterwards died a martyr in Ireland, being stabbed while administering Holy Communion. In 1619 Father Richard Conway, S.J., was appointed rector. When he entered upon office, the personnel of the college—superiors, students, and servants—amounted to eighteen.

They suffered much from poverty. Their condition moved many to compassion. The fishermen at Seville obtained an indult from Pope Paul V,

permitting them to fish on six Sundays and holidays each year in order that they might give the profits of their labor for the support of the Irish students. For the same purpose Irish merchants at Seville granted to the college a percentage on every cask of wine they sold. Soldiers of the Irish Brigade in the Spanish service gave a portion of their pay. With such aid the college continued to exist and was able to send every year two priests to the Irish mission.

One of the students of the college, Dominic Lynch, became professor in the University of Seville. In 1769 the Irish college at Seville, with all its goods, rents, and rights, was, by royal authority, amalgamated with that of Salamanca.

Madrid.—In 1629 a college for Irishmen was founded by Father Theobald Stapleton, who has already been mentioned in connection with the college at Seville. The number of students varied from ten to twenty, supported by the charity of benefactors. The college served as a hospice for those Irish ecclesiastics who, having completed their studies, came to the capital to claim the bounty of £ 10 which the King of Spain had granted to Irish students in the Peninsula, to enable them to return to Ireland.

In 1677, Dr. James Lynch, Archbishop of Tuam, resided for some time at Madrid and succeeded in restoring the college to greater prosperity. But eventually it was closed, and its property lost to the Church in Ireland.
Alcalca.—In Alcala, anciently Cornplutum, famous for its university, and for its polyglot edition of the Bible, an Irish college was founded in 1590, by a Portuguese nobleman named George Sylveira, a descendant, through his mother, of the Macdonnells of Ulster. He bestowed on the college an endowment of the value of £2000, and, at a cost of £1000, built a chapel dedicated to his patron, St. George.

At Alcali, there were four masters, twenty students, and eight servants. This ancient college has long since ceased to exist.

Santiago de Compostela.—In 1605 a college for Irish ecclesiastics was founded at Compostela. Philip III bestowed upon it an endowment of £100 a year. It was under the direction of the Jesuits. In 1671 there were six students. At the conclusion of the philosophy course all went to Salamanca for their theological studies. In 1769 the property of the Irish college at Santiago de Compostela was amalgamated with that of the college at Salamanca.

Lisbon.—Besides the colleges in Spain there existed also an Irish establishment at Lisbon. The college was founded by Royal Charter in 1593, under the title: Collegio de Estudiantes Irlandeses sub invocacaon de San Patricio en Lisboa. Like the other Irish colleges in the Peninsula it was placed under the management of the Jesuits. The celebrated Stephen White, S.J., was one of its earliest pupils. During the great earthquake which almost destroyed the city of Lisbon in 1755, the Irish college and its inmates suffered no injury. Not long after it suffered from the malice of men.

In 1769 it was closed and confiscated by Pombal, under the pretext that it was a Jesuit establishment. But in 1782 an Irish secular priest, Dr. Michael Brady, succeeded in having the college restored to the Irish. Dr. Brady was succeeded in the office of rector by Dr. Bartholomew Crotty, subsequently President of Maynooth, and Bishop of Cloyne. Dr. Crotty held the office of rector from 1801 to 1811. During his tenure of office an invitation was addressed by Dr. John Baptist Walsh, rector of the Irish college in Paris, to the students at Lisbon, to come to his college in Paris, an invitation of which the bishops of Ireland expressed their disapproval.

The number of students in the Irish college at Lisbon in the eighteenth century was from twelve to fourteen. During the French Revolution it increased to thirty or forty, to fall again to fourteen after 1815. Dr. Burke, Archbishop of Tuam; Dr. Talbot, Dr. Russell, and Dr. Carpenter, Archbishops of Dublin; Dr. Verdon, Bishop of Ferns, and Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Waterford, were Lisbon students. During the civil wars in Portugal, in the nineteenth century, the college was closed, and has not since been reopened. Besides the colleges for the education of the secular clergy at Lisbon there was also a convent of Irish Dominican Fathers, and a convent of Irish Dominican nuns, both of which exist at the present day, the former at Corpo Santo, Lisbon, and the latter at Belem in the vicinity.

IN BELGIUM.—Louvain.—While the colleges in the Peninsula were doing good service for the preservation of the Faith in Ireland, other colleges for the same purpose were established in Flanders. In 1624 a college for the education of priests, with the title "Collegium Pastorale", was founded at Louvain, in virtue of a charter granted by the Holy See at the instance of the Most Rev. Eugene Macmahon, Archbishop of Dublin.

Urban VIII gave a donation for the support of the college, and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda bestowed upon it an annual allowance of 240 scudi. Burses were also founded by various benefactors, the aggregate value of which amounted to 73,217 florins. The first rector of the college was Nicholas Aylmer. The students at the commencement were six in number. In 1643 there were four priests, and three students in philosophy.

At the close of the eighteenth century the number had increased to forty. Many distinguished Irish ecclesiastics were students of the pastoral college at Louvain. One of its rectors, Thomas Stapleton, held also the office of rector of the university for several terms.

Besides the secular colleges, convents for the Irish regular clergy were established at Louvain. Of these the most ancient and the most celebrated was the Franciscan College of St. Anthony of Padua, founded in 1606 at the request of Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam. The number of Irish friars at St. Anthony's in the seventeenth century was about forty. In this convent lived John Colgan, the celebrated Irish hagiologist, author of the "Trias Thaumaturga" and of "Lives of the Irish Saints". Here, too, lived Hugh Ward, Father Mooney, Brendan O'Connor, and Bonaventure O'Doherty, who so ably assisted Michael O'Cleary in collecting materials for the great work known as the "Annals of the Four Masters".

The Franciscans of St. Anthony's did great service to the cause of religion by printing books of instruction in the Irish tongue. At Louvain were printed the Irish Catechism of Bonaventure O'Hussey (1608), "The Mirror of Penance", by Hugh MacCaughwell (1618), "The Mirror of Religion", by Florence Conry (1626), O'Cleary's vocabulary (1643), "The Paradise of the Soul", by Anthony Gernon (1645), and a moral treatise in English and Irish, by Richard MacGiollacuddy (Arsdekin) (1667). It has been truly said of the convent of St. Anthony of Padua at Louvain, "No Franciscan College has maintained with more zeal than this, the character of the order as expressed in their motto Doctrines et Scientia."

At the close of the eighteenth century the number of friars at St. Anthony's was seventeen. In 1796 the convent was closed to the Irish, and sold. There existed also at Louvain a convent of Irish Dominicans founded in 1608, and known as the convent of Holy Cross. In 1627 there were twelve fathers in this convent. A letter of the nuncio at Brussels, in 1675, gives the names of thirty-three Dominicans, who had gone from Holy Cross to labor on the mission in Ireland.

The Irish Dominican convent at Louvain was closed in 1797. A convent of Irish Benedictine nuns was established at Ypres in 1682 where for more than two centuries Irish women aspiring to religious perfection found a home. This convent has survived to the present day (1910). The colleges, secular and regular, at Louvain during the two centuries of their existence gave to the Church in Ireland 32 bishops and about 300 priests, of whom 200 at least were graduates in arts of the University of Louvain.

Antwerp.—In 1629 a pastoral college was founded at Antwerp by the Rev. Lawrence Sedgrave, a Leinster priest, who, together with his nephew, the Rev. James Talbot, expended 13,220 florins on the establishment of the college, and became its first rector, as his nephew became its second. After their time the college suffered much from poverty and was on the point of being closed and sold to meet the claims of creditors. But during the rectorate of John Egan, prothonotary Apostolic, it received a fresh impulse. Donations were received, and creditors satisfied. Through the pronuncio at Brussels, the Holy See sent subventions from time to time.

The number of students, usually about twelve, increased eventually to thirty. They attended lectures at the Jesuit college at Antwerp, where their distinguished countryman, Fr. Richard Archdeacon (Arsdekin), S.J., died in 1690. The pastoral colleges at Louvain and at Antwerp continued to flourish until 1795, when they were closed on the occupation of Belgium by the French. At various times the bishops of Ireland made representations to the Belgian Government with a view to obtain the transfer of the burses to Ireland, and they have been so far successful that at the present time the annual revenue of the burses is paid through the medium of the British Foreign Office for the education of students at Maynooth College.

Tournai.—An Irish college was founded at Tournai by Christopher Cusack. In 1689 there were eight ecclesiastics at Tournai, with an income of 200 scudi. Choiseul, Bishop of Tournai, in a letter to Innocent X, speaks thus of the Irish college: "We have here a College or Seminary of Irish youth where some poor students are supported, receive a Christian education, and are taught the Humanities. They attend the classes at the Jesuits, and are generally the first in merit." The Tournai college, like those at Louvain and Antwerp, was closed in 1795. In 1833, at the instance of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Higgins, Bishop of Ardagh, the Belgian Government consented to transfer to the Irish college in Rome the sum of 4000 francs from the funds of the old Irish college at Tournai.

IN FRANCE.—The colleges in the Peninsula and in Flanders rendered great service to the Church in Ireland. But the most important of all the Irish colleges on the Continent were those established in France.

Douai.—The most ancient amongst these was the college at Douai, founded about 1577 by the Rev. Ralph Cusack. Douai was then included in the Flemish territory subject to Spain, and in 1604 Philip III conferred on the Irish college in that town an endowment of 5000 florins.

In 1667 Douai was taken by Louis XIV, and the Irish college there became subject to French authority. For some years means of subsistence were scanty and precarious, but in 1750 the college recovered its prosperity. It was subject to a board of provisors who nominated the rector from a list of three candidates presented by the superiors of the Irish college in Paris.

The students, about thirty in number, attended lectures at the University of Douai. In 1793 the college was closed, and in 1795 the buildings, valued at 60,000 francs, were alienated by the French Government.

Lille.—An Irish college was founded at Lille by Ralph Cusack in virtue of letters patent granted in 1610 by the Archduke Albert, and Isabella, Infanta of Spain, then Governors of the Netherlands. Foundations were made for the education of students from the Province of Leinster, more particularly for those from Meath.

The right of nominating the rector was vested in the superior of the Irish Capuchins at Bar-sur-Aube. The college suffered much from poverty. Its means of support were derived partly from collections made at the church doors, and partly from fees received for the services the students rendered by carrying the dead at funerals. The study and use of the Irish language was encouraged, and no one unacquainted with that tongue was eligible to the office of rector. The students numbered from eight to ten, exclusively from Leinster. The college, which was valued at 20,000 francs, was confiscated and sold in 1793.

Bordeaux.—In 1603, the Rev. Dermit MacCarthy, a priest of the Diocese of Cork, made his way to Bordeaux with about forty companions. These Irish exiles were hospitably received by Cardinal de Surdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who gave them a house and placed them in charge of the church of St. Eutropius. The rules of the Irish community were approved by the archbishop in 1603, and again in 1609, and were finally ratified by Paul V, in the Bull "In supremo apostolic dignitatis", April 26, 1618.

The Irish students at Bordeaux, like those at Lille, derived their support from alms collected at the doors of the churches in the city, and from fees received for their services at funerals. In 1653, at the conclusion of the War of the Fronde, about 5000 Irish troops, previously in the service of Spain, at the suggestion of Father Cornelius O'Scanlan, rector of the college at Bordeaux, elected to take service under the flag of France. In

acknowledgment of the zeal of Father O'Scanlan for the interests of France, the queen regent, Anne of Austria, bestowed on the college an endowment of 1200 livres for the support of ten priests and ten clerics, and conferred on the students the privilege of naturalization to enable them to receive gifts and possess benefices in the kingdom. On the same occasion the title of "Sainte-Anne-la-Royale" was given to the college.

Besides the endowment of Anne of Austria, various bequests were made by benefactors; yet in 1766 the total annual revenue of the college amounted only to 2531 francs. From twenty in the seventeenth century, the number of students increased, in the eighteenth, to thirty, and eventually to forty. They attended the classes at the Jesuit college in the city. There were also little colonies of Irish students resident at Toulouse, Auch, Agen, Cahors, Condom, and Perigueux, all subject to the authority of the rector of the Irish college at Bordeaux. The rector of the college was chosen by the votes of the students, and confirmed by the archbishop for a period of three years. The system of appointment by election led to frequent disputes and was eventually abolished. Dr. Robert Barry, Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Patrick Comerford, Bishop of Waterford, Dr. Cornelius O'Keefe and Dr. Robert Lacy, Bishops of Limerick, Dr. Dominic Bellew, Bishop of Killala, and Dr. Boetius Egan, Archbishop of Tuam, were for some time students at Bordeaux. Here, too, Geoffrey Keating is said to have been a student.

The Abbe Edgeworth and Dr. Richard O'Reilly, subsequently Archbishop of Armagh, studied for a short time at Bordeaux, whence the former proceeded to Paris, and the latter to Rome. The last superior of the college was the Rev. Martin Glynn, D.D., a native of the Diocese of Tuam, who suffered death by sentence of the Revolutionary tribunal, at Bordeaux, July 19, 1794.

The vice-rector of the college, Dr. Everard, escaped. The students were thrown into prison, but were eventually liberated and put on board a vessel bound for Ireland. The college church, valued at 21,000 francs, was confiscated in 1793. The college was also seized but was saved from confiscation by the vigilance of an Irish priest named James Burke. After the Revolution, all that remained of the property of the college at Bordeaux was placed by decree of the first consul under the control of the board of administrators of the Irish college in Paris.

In 1885 the property at Bordeaux was sold for 285,635 francs, and the price invested in French securities in the name of the "Fondations Catholiques Irlandaises en France".

Toulouse.—From the commencement of the seventeenth century there existed at Toulouse a little colony of Irish ecclesiastical students. The Irish college in that town owes its origin to Anne of Austria, who bestowed upon it, at the same time as upon the college of Bordeaux, the title of "Sainte-Annela-Royale", with an endowment of 1200 livres a year for the support of twelve priests. The endowment was confirmed by Louis XIV in 1659.

At Toulouse the number of students never exceeded ten or twelve, chiefly natives of the Province of Munster. Small though the number was, the system of appointing the rector by the votes of the students led to division and it was judged expedient to submit the rules of discipline to Benedict XIV, who approved them by a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Toulouse on August 31, 1753. The course of studies extended over a period of eight years, after which the students returned to the mission in Ireland.

When the French Revolution broke out, the college possessed an annual revenue of 10,000 francs. In 1793 the college buildings and furniture, valued

at 36,700 francs, were confiscated and sold by the French Government. Nantes, on the coast of Brittany, was also the seat of an Irish college founded about 1680. In 1728 a new and more commodious college was constructed, and in 1765, by royal letters patent the priory of St-Crispin was united with it. The number of students, at first about thirty-six, increased to sixty in 1765, and by 1792 it had reached eighty. The college was subject to the University of Nantes, but it had its own staff of professors—two for philosophy, and two for theology—who were obliged each term to report to the authorities of the university the names of their students and the treatises they were to explain. The last rector of the college was Dr. Patrick Byrne, subsequently president of Maynooth College.

In 1793 the students of the college were cast into prison and then put on board a vessel which brought them in safety to Cork. The college was not reopened in the nineteenth century. The buildings which escaped alienation were placed under the control of the administrators of the Irish college in Paris. They were sold, with the sanction of the Minister of Public Instruction, in 1857, and the proceeds of the sale (100,000 francs) invested in the name of the "Fondations Catholiques Irlandaises".

Poitiers.—A college of the Irish Jesuits was founded at Poitiers, in virtue of letters patent granted by Louis XIV, in April, 1674. Five burses for the education of students for the secular priesthood were founded here, two in 1738 by Mrs. John Maher, an Irish lady resident at Barcelona, and three by Jeremiah Crowly, of Cork, in 1735. On the suppression of the Jesuits in France, these five burses were transferred to Paris. The college buildings, valued at about 10,500 francs, were alienated by the French Government. The Abbe Thomas Gould was a student of this college; known as the Missionary of Poitou, he preached with great success in French, and published several works in that language.

The Irish Franciscans had convents in provincial France, at Bar-sur-Aube, at Sedan, and at Charleville, and for some years a convent in Paris.

Paris.—The most important of all the Irish establishments in France, and on the Continent, was the Irish college in Paris. That venerable institution, which has preserved its existence to the present day, owes its origin to the Rev. John Lee, an Irish priest who came to Paris, in 1578, with six companions, and entered the College Montaigu. Having completed his studies he became attached to the church of Saint Severin, and made the acquaintance of a French nobleman, John de l'Escalopier, President of the Parliament of Paris. That charitable man placed at the disposal of the Irish students in Paris a house which served them as a college, of which Father Lee became the first rector about 1605.

By letters patent dated 1623, Louis XIII conferred on the Irish priests and scholars in Paris the right to receive and possess property. The Irish college was recognized as a seminary by the University of Paris in 1624, and at that time it had already sent a large number of priests to the mission in Ireland. But the college founded by Father Lee was not spacious enough to receive the numerous Irish students who came to Paris. Some of them continued to find a home in the College Montaigu, others in the College de Boncour, while some, who were in affluent circumstances, resided in the College de Navarre.

This state of things attracted the attention of St. Vincent de Paul and others, who sought to provide them with a more commodious residence. Later still, in 1672, it engaged the attention of the bishops of Ireland, who deputed Dr. John O'Molony, Bishop of Killaloe, to treat with Colbert as to the establishment of a new college. What the bishops desired was eventually obtained through the influence of two Irish priests resident in

Paris: Dr. Patrick Maginn, formerly first chaplain to Queen Catherine, wife of Charles II of England, and Dr. Malachy Kelly, one of the chaplains of Louis XIV. These two ecclesiastics obtained from Louis XIV authorization to enter on possession of the College des Lombards, a college of the University of Paris founded for Italian students in 1333. They rebuilt the college, then in ruins, at their own expense and became its first superiors. The acquisition of the college was confirmed by letters patent dated 1677 and 1681. Some years later the buildings were extended by Dr. John Farely, and all the Irish ecclesiastical students in Paris found a home in the College des Lombards. The number of students went on increasing until, in 1764, it reached one hundred and sixty. It was therefore found necessary to build a second college. The building was commenced in 1769 in rue du Cheval Vert, now rue des Irlandais, and the junior section of the students was transferred to the new college in 1776.

The Irish college in Paris was open to all the provinces and dioceses of Ireland. The students were divided into two categories, one, the more numerous, consisting of priests already ordained in Ireland, the other of juniors aspiring to orders. Both sections attended the university classes, either at the College de Plessis, or at that of Navarre, or at the Sorbonne. The course of studies extended over six years, of which two were given to philosophy, three to theology, and one to special preparation for pastoral work. The more talented students remained two years longer to qualify for degrees in theology, or in canon law. In virtue of the Bull of Urban VIII, "Piis Christi fidelium", dated July 10, 1626, and granted in favor of all Irish colleges already established or to be established in France, Spain, Flanders, or elsewhere, the junior students were promoted to orders ad titulum Missions in Hibernia, even extra tempora, and without dimissorial letters, on the presentation of the rector of the college—a privilege withdrawn, as regards dimissorial letters, by Gregory XVI in 1835, and now entirely

abrogated by the transfer of Ireland to the jurisdiction of the Consistorial Congregation, in 1908.

The students in priestly orders were able to support themselves to a large extent by their Mass stipends. Many burses, too, were founded for the education of students at the Lombard college. Amongst the founders were nine Irish bishops, thirty-two Irish priests, four medical doctors, some laymen engaged in civil or military pursuits, and a few pious ladies. The college was governed in the eighteenth century by four Irish priests called provisors, one from each province of Ireland. They were elected by the votes of the students, and confirmed by the Archbishop of Paris, who, as superior major, nominated one of them to the office of principal.

In 1788 the system of government by provisors was abolished, and one rector appointed. In 1792 the two Irish colleges in Paris, namely the College des Lombards, and the junior college, rue du Cheval Vert, were closed, as were all the other Irish colleges in France.

The closing of the colleges on the Continent deprived the bishops of Ireland of the means of educating their clergy. They therefore petitioned the British Government for authorization to establish an ecclesiastical college at home. The petition was granted, and Maynooth College was founded in 1795. In support of their petition the bishops submitted a statement of the number of Irish ecclesiastics receiving education on the Continent when the French Revolution began.

From this statement it appears that out of a total of 478 Irish ecclesiastics receiving education on the Continent, 348 were resident in France, and of these 180 were students in the Irish colleges in Paris. More than one-half, therefore, of all the Irish secular clergy in the eighteenth century were

educated in France, and more than one-third in Paris. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, forty students of the Irish college in Paris were raised to the episcopal bench. At the same period Irishmen held an honorable place in the University of Paris. Between 1660 and 1730, more than sixty Irishmen held the office of procurator of the German nation—one of the four sections of the faculty of arts in the ancient university.

Dr. Michael Moore, an Irish priest, long held the office of principal of the College de Navarre, and was twice elected rector of the university. Many Irishmen held chairs in the university colleges. Dr. Sleyne was professor at the Sorbonne. Dr. Power was professor at the college of Lisieux; Dr. O'Lonergan at the college of Reims. Dr. John Plunket, Dr. Patrick J. Plunket, and Dr. Flood, superiors or provisors of the Irish college, were in succession royal professors of theology at the College de Navarre.

The students of the Irish college in Paris were pronounced opponents of Jansenism. When they returned to their native land, they, like the students of Rome. Salamanca, and Louvain, brought with them "the manners and feelings of cultivated gentlemen and a high sense of clerical decorum".

After the French Revolution the Irish college in Paris was reestablished by a decree of the first consul, and placed under the control of a Board appointed by the French Government. To it were united the remnants of the property of the other Irish colleges in France which had escaped destruction. The college in Paris lost two-thirds of its endowments owing to the depreciation of French state funds, which had been reduced to one-third consolidated. The total loss sustained by all the Irish foundations in France amounted to 2,416,210 francs, or about $483,000.

After the Restoration, the French Government placed at the disposal of the

British Government three million and a half sterling, to indemnify British subjects in France for the losses they had sustained during the Revolution. In 1816 a claim for an indemnity was presented on behalf of the Irish college. That claim was rejected by the Privy Council in 1825 on the ground that the college was a French establishment. In 1832 the claim was renewed by Dr. M'Sweeny, rector of the college, with the same result. Another attempt to obtain compensation was made by the Rev. Thomas McNamara in 1870. On May 9 in that year a motion was made in the House of Lords for copies of the awards in the case of the Irish college in 1825 and 1832.

This step was followed up by a motion in the House of Commons for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the claims of the college to compensation for losses sustained during the French Revolution. The motion was introduced on April 30, 1875, by Isaac Butt, M.P. for Limerick, and, after a prolonged discussion, it was negatived by 116 to 54 votes.

After 1805 the administration of the college was subject to a "Bureau de Surveillance" which gave much trouble until it was dissolved by Charles X, in 1824. After that date, the superior, appointed on the presentation of the four archbishops of Ireland, became official administrator of the foundations, subject to the minister of the interior, and at a later period to the minister of public instruction. The students no longer frequented the university. The professors were Irish priests appointed by the French Government on the presentation of the Irish episcopate.

In 1858, with the sanction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, and with the consent of the French Government, the bishops of Ireland placed the management of the college in the hands of the Irish Vincentian Fathers. In recent years the number of students has been between sixty and seventy. They are admitted on the nomination of the bishops, and, after a course of

two years in philosophy and four years in theology, they are ordained and return to Ireland.

In the nineteenth century the college gave to the Church a long array of good priests and bishops, including Dr. Fitz Patrick, Abbot of Melleray; Dr. Maginn, Coadjutor Bishop of Derry; Dr. Keane, of Cloyne; Dr. O flea and Dr. Fitz Gerald of Ross, Dr. Gillooly of Elphin, and Dr. Croke of Cashel. Dr. Kelly, the present Bishop of Ross, and Dr. MacSherry, vicar Apostolic at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, are also alumni of the college. The present occupant of the see of St. Patrick, H.E. Cardinal Logue, held the chair of dogmatic theology from 1866 to 1874.

In the three hundred years of its existence the college has not been without a share in the ecclesiastical literature of Ireland. Among the rectors of the college have been Thomas Messingham, prothonotary Apostolic, author of the "Florilegium Insulae Sanctorum" (Paris, 1624); Dr. Andrew Donlevy, author of an "Anglo-Irish Catechism" (Paris, 1742); Dr. Miley, author of a "History of the Papal States" (Dublin, 1852); Father Thomas MacNamara, author of "Programs of Sermons (Dublin, 1880), "Encheiridion Clericorum" (1882), and several other similar works.

Abbe Mageoghegan, Sylvester O'Hallaran, Martin Haverty, and probably Geoffrey Keating, all eminent Irish historians, were students of the college. Dean Kinane, a student and then a professor in the college, is widely known for his "Dove of the Tabernacle" and numerous other devotional works. More recently, the Rev. John MacGuinness, C.M., vice-rector, has published a full course of dogmatic theology. Amongst the rectors of the college, Dr. John Farely and Dr. John Baptist Walsh, in the eighteenth century, and Dr. MacSweeney and the Rev. Thomas MacNamara, in the nineteenth, have been administrators of marked ability.

Since 1873, the administration of the property of the college has been vested in a board created by a decree of the Conseil d'Etat. On that board the Archbishop of Paris was represented by a delegate, and he was also the official medium of communication between the Irish episcopate and the French Government. In December, 1906, the law of separation of Church and State in France came into operation.

In the January following, the French Government notified the British Government of its intention to reorganize the Irish Catholic foundations in France so as to bring them into harmony with the recent legislation regarding the Church. It was further stated that the purpose of the Government was to close the Irish college, to sell its immovable property, and to invest the proceeds of the sale, to be applied together with the existing burses for the benefit of Irish students who shall be admitted, on the presentation of the British Ambassador to France, either to the state schools or to the schools of theology which have taken the place of the diocesan seminaries. A plea for the preservation of the college has been presented on behalf of the bishops of Ireland, through the British Foreign Office. The question is still undecided.

The history of the Irish colleges on the Continent is a manifest proof of the tenacity with which Ireland has clung to the Catholic Faith. Without the succession of priests prepared in those colleges, the preservation of the Faith in Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have been impossible. At the present day the colleges in Ireland are sufficient to supply the needs of the Church in Ireland, but the colleges on the Continent are still useful as a witness of the past, and they serve to bring a large section of the clergy of Ireland into contact with the life and thought and work of the Church in the ancient Catholic nations on the Continent.
PATRICK BOYLE

Irish Confessors and Martyrs.

The period covered by this article embraces that between the years 1540 and (approximately) 1713. Religious persecution in Ireland began under Henry VIII, when the local Parliament adopted acts establishing the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, abolishing the pope's jurisdiction [Laudabiliter], and suppressing religious houses [Same as Norman Invasion did with Laudabiliter to Native Celtic Church].

The act against the Catholics came into operation November 1, 1537. Its penalties were sufficiently terrible, but the license of those enforcing it was still more terrible. When they had been at work little over a year the Bishop of Derry wrote to Pope Paul III that the King of England's deputy and his adherents, refusing to acknowledge the Apostolic Church, were burning houses, destroying churches, ravishing maids, robbing and killing unoffending persons.

They kill, he said, all priests who pray for the pope or refuse to erase his name from the canon of the Mass, and they torture preachers who do not repudiate his authority. It would fill a book to detail their cruelty. Intolerable as these evils seemed, they were aggravated beyond measure, three years later, when the general suppression of religious houses was superadded.

Then ensued the persecution which the Four Masters likened to that of the early Church under the pagan emperors, declaring that it was exceeded by no other, and could be described only by eyewitnesses. The extirpation was so thorough that even remembrance of the victims was effaced.

In the published catalogue of Irish martyrs submitted recently to the Congregation of Rites, there are but two cases belonging to Henry's reign.

The absence of records for this period is easily explained. The destruction of all kinds of ecclesiastical property, and documents especially, accounts for much, since few but church-men could make such records; but it is perhaps a more probable explanation that scarcely any were made, as it was neither safe nor practicable to have or transmit what reflected upon government under Tudor despotism. Few memorials could be committed to paper before places of refuge had been secured in foreign countries.

Then they were taken down from the lips of aged refugees, and as might be expected they exhibit the vagueness and confusion of dates and incidents to which personal reminiscences are subject when spread over long and unsettled periods.

For the time of the suppression there is a partial narrative in the recital of an old Trinitarian friar, written down by one of his brethren, Father Richard Goldie or Goold (Goldaeus), an Irish professor at the University of Alcali. According to this account, on the first announcement of the king's design, Theobald (Burke?), provincial of the order, came to Dublin with eight other doctors to maintain the pope's supremacy [Laudabiliter].

They were cast into prison; Theobald's heart was torn from his living body; Philip, a writer, was scourged, put into boots filled with oil and salt, roasted till the flesh came away from the bone, and then beheaded; the rest were hanged or beheaded; Cornelius, Bishop of Limerick, was beheaded there; Cormac was shot and stoned to death at Galway; Maurice and Thomas, brothers-german, hanged on their way to Dublin; Stephen, stabbed near Wexford; Peter of Limerick and Geoffrey, beheaded; John Macabrigus, lay brother, drowned; Raymond, ex-superior, dragged at a horse's tail in Dublin; Tadhg O'Brien of Thomond, torn to pieces in the viceroy's presence at Bombriste bridge between Limerick and Kilmallock; the Dublin

community, about fifty, put to various deaths; those of Adare, cut down, stabbed, or hanged; those of Galway, twenty, burned to death in their convent or, by another account, six were thrown into a lime-kiln, the rest weighted with stones and cast into the sea; those of Drogheda, forty, slain, hanged, or thrown into a pit; at Limerick, over fifty butchered in choir or thrown with weights into the Shannon; at Cork and Kilmallock, over ninety slain by the sword or dismembered, including William Burke, John O'Hogan, Michael, Richard, and GiollaLrighde.

This is the earliest narrative as regards period. It deals only with the Trinitarians. It had the misfortune to be worked up by Lopez, a fanciful Spanish writer, and consequently has incurred perhaps more discredit than it deserves. The promoters of the cause of the Irish martyrs have not extracted any names from it.

Nevertheless, the version given by O'Sullevan Bearr in his "Patriciana Decas", despite many apparent inaccuracies and exaggerations, contains in its main statements a not improbable picture of the experiences of this single order when the agents of rapine and malignity were let loose upon the members.

It is as a cry from the torture chamber, expressing the agony of a victim who loses the power to detail accurately the extent of his sufferings or the manner of their infliction.

The first general catalogue is that of Father John Houling, S.J., compiled in Portugal between 1588 and 1599. It is styled a very brief abstract of certain casesand is directed towards canonization of the eleven bishops, eleven priests, and forty-four lay persons whom it commemorates as sufferers for the Faith by death, chains, or exile under Elizabeth. Cornelius O'Devany, the

martyred Bishop of Down and Connor, took up the record about the point where Houling broke off, and he continued it until his own imprisonment in 1611. Shortly before that time he forwarded a copy to Father Holywood, S.J., desiring him to take steps to have the lives of those noted therein illustrated at length and preserved from oblivion. O'Devany's catalogue was in David Rothe's hands while he was preparing the "Processus Martyrialis", published, in 1619, as the third part of his "Analecta", which still remains a most important contribution to the subject.

During the next forty years Copinger (1620), O'Sullevan Bearr (1621 and 1629), Molanus (1629), Morison (1659), and others sent forth from the press works devoted either wholly or in part to advancing the claims of Irish martyrs to recognition and veneration. In 1669 Antony Bruodin, O.S.F., published at Prague a thick octavo volume of about 800 pages, entitled "Propugnaculum Catholicae Veritatis", a catalogue of Irish martyrs under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth, and James, containing notices of about 200 martyrs, with an index of 164 persons whose Christian names come first as in a martyrology. Bruodin based his work on Rothe's "Analecta", but he made large additions from other writers, as Good, Bourchier, Gonzaga, Baressus, Sanders, Wadding, Alegambe, and Nadasi, and in particular from a manuscript ascribed to Matthew Creagh, Vicar-General of Killaloe, which had been brought to the Irish Franciscans of Prague in 1660.

Practically nothing was done for about two centuries after Bruodin's publication. A proposal to take up the cause of Primate Oliver Plunket within a few years of his martyrdom was discountenanced by the Holy See, lest at that critical juncture such action should become an occasion of political trouble in England.

After the English Revolution and the commencement of the new era of

oppression that succeeded the capitulation of Limerick, it was manifest that any movement towards canonization of the victims of laws still in force would result in merciless reprisals on the part of the ascendancy. At length, in 1829, the last political hindrances were removed by Catholic Emancipation, but over thirty years were allowed to pass unmarked by any action, either because more immediate demands pressed upon the energies of the Catholic community or because, during the long period for which the matter had been laid aside, the sources of trustworthy information had become so inaccessible or forgotten that the task of accumulating evidence seemed too formidable to undertake.

In 1861 Dr. Moran, then Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome, and subsequently in succession Bishop of Ossory and Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, reopened the question by his life of Oliver Plunket, the first of a series of important historical publications, in which he covered the whole period of Irish persecutions from Henry VIII to Charles II.

All these publications were effectively, if not professedly, directed towards hastening the Church's solemn recognition of the martyrs. The first of these writings (1861) expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when the long afflicted Church of Ireland would be consoled by the canonization of Oliver Plunket.

In 1884, when the last of them, a reissue of Rothe's "Analecta", was published, the intermediate advance had been so great that the editor, then Rothe's successor in Ossory, noted the expression of a wish both in Ireland and abroad "that, although our whole people might justly be regarded as a nation of martyrs, yet some few names, at least, among the most remarkable for constancy and heroism would be laid before the Sacred Congregation of Rites and, if found worthy, be enrolled among the

privileged martyrs of Holy Church." While Dr. Moran was thus engaged, Major Myles O'Reilly also entered the long neglected field, and in 1868 he published a collection of memorials in which he brought together, from all the original sources his great industry could reach, biographies of those who suffered for the Faith in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

This collection was made with both zeal and discrimination; it was the first general compilation since Bruodin's, and, coming down to a later date, it contained twice the number of notices in the former one. As a result, in great measure, of these several publications, the case was brought to such a point, about ten years after the reissue of Rothe's "Analecta", that the ecclesiastical authorities were in a position to make preparations for holding the processus ordinarius informativus, the diocesan inquiry which is a preliminary in the process of canonization.

The work of collecting evidence, greatly facilitated by the previous labors of Moran and O'Reilly, was entrusted to Father Denis Murphy, S.J. He, unhappily, did not live to submit his testimony; but before his death he had reduced to order a great mass of materials extracted from a larger number of writers than had been used by O'Reilly. The number of individual notices is, however, much less, since Father Murphy excluded, with one or two exceptions, all those whose trials did not culminate in death. His materials were published in 1896, under the title of "Our Martyrs", and the record begun by Father Houling was thus, after three hundred years, completed by his brother Jesuit in form to be submitted in a regular process of canonization.

The usual practice of conducting the preliminary process in the diocese where the martyrs suffered would have entailed the erecting of a tribunal in

every diocese in Ireland, a course attended with no advantages. The Archbishop of Dublin, therefore, at the united request of all the Irish bishops, accepted the responsibility of conducting a general investigation for the whole country. But, before further progress could be made, certain unforeseen causes of delay arose which were not removed until the end of the year 1903. In December of that year the vice-postulator issued his requests for the attendance of witnesses in the February following. The initial session was opened by the Archbishop of Dublin, February 15, 1904. Between that date and August 3, when the taking of evidence in Ireland was completed, sixty sessions had been held.

The testimony of Cardinal Moran was taken by commission in Sydney When it arrived in Ireland meetings were resumed, October 23, and continued for some twenty further sessions to complete the return, a transcript of the evidence with exhibits of books and documents. This work was brought to a conclusion at Christmas, and on February 5, 1905, the full return of the inquiry was delivered to the Congregation of Rites.

The number of sessions held was about eighty, in all of which the Archbishop of Dublin presided. Evidence was taken in respect of about three hundred and forty persons, with a view to establish the existence of a traditional belief among learned and pious Catholics that many persons suffered death for the Catholic Faith in Ireland under the penal laws; that these persons did, in fact, suffer martyrdom in defense of the Catholic Faith and of Christ; and that there is a sincere desire among Irish Catholics, in Ireland and elsewhere, to see these martyrs solemnly recognized by the Church.

The chief portion of the evidence was necessarily that derived from records, printed or written. In addition, witnesses testified to the public repute of

martyrdom, and traditions to that effect preserved in families, religious orders, various localities, and the country at large, with a particular statement in every case as to the source of the information furnished by the witness. Subsequent to this inquiry the further minor process (processiculus), to collect writings attributed to some of the martyrs, was held January-March, 1907.

The investigation of the claims to the title of martyr made for those who suffered under the Irish penal enactments since 1537, is attended by difficulties that do not arise in the case of their fellow-sufferers in England, difficulties due to the historical situation and to the character of the available evidence.

Not more than one-third of Ireland was subject to the rule of Henry VIII when he undertook to detach the island from the Catholic Church. The remainder was governed by hereditary lords under native institutions. The king's deputy at times obtained acknowledgment of the over-lordship supposed to be conferred by the Bull "Laudabiliter"; but the acknowledgment was so little valued that the population was commonly classified as the king's subjects and the Irish enemies, not, as yet, the Irish rebels.

The Church, however, was the Church of Ireland, not the Church of the English Pale, and the claim to Supreme Headship of the Church entailed the effective reduction of the whole island to civil obedience, which, as then understood, required acceptance of the whole English system of laws and manners. Hence, it is not always easy to discern how far the fate of an individual resulted from his fidelity to religion, and how far from defense of ancestral institutions.

Again, the evidence is not always satisfactory, for reasons already mentioned. The public records are very defective, as in a country that has experienced two violent revolutions, but the loss so caused might possibly be overestimated. No large proportion of those put to death had been brought before a regular court. There was a general immunity from consequences which encouraged captains of roving bands and stationary garrisons, provost-martials, and all that class, to carry out the intention of the law without its forms. In such cases there are no records.

During the year of the Armada a Spanish ship made prize of a Dublin vessel bound for France. A Cistercian monk and a Franciscan friar were found on board. They said they were the sole survivors of two large monasteries in the North of Ireland which had been burned with the rest of the inmates. There seems to be no other mention of this atrocity.

The list which follows (p. signifying priest; 1., layman) includes the names of those persons only in respect of whom evidence was taken at the inquiry held in Dublin. The case of Primate Oliver Plunket has already been conducted successfully through the Apostolic Process by Cardinal Logue, his successor:
Under King Henry VIII.—1540: The guardian and friars, Franciscan Convent, Monaghan, beheaded. 1541: Robert and other Cistercian monks, St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, imprisoned and put to death; as the Cistercians of Dublin surrendered their house and its possessions peaceably, there is possibly confusion as to this instance.
Under Queen Elizabeth.—1565: Conacius Macuarta (Conn McCourt) and Roger MacCongaill (McConnell), Franciscans, flogged to death, Armagh, December 16, for refusing to acknowledge the queen's supremacy. 1575: John Lochran, Donagh O'Rorke, and Edmund Fitzsimon, Franciscans, hanged, January 21, Downpatrick; Fergall Ward, Franciscan guardian,

Armagh, hanged, April 28, with his own girdle. 1577: Thomas Courcy, vicar-general at Kinsale, hanged, March 30; William Walsh (q.v.) Cistercian, Bishop of Meath, died, January 4, in exile at Alcala. 1578: Patrick O'Hely (q.v.), Bishop of Mayo, and Cornelius O'Rorke, p., Franciscans, tortured and hanged, August 22, Kilmallock; David Hurley, dean of Emly, died in prison; Thomas Moeran, dean of Cork, taken in the exercise of his functions and executed. 1579: Thaddaeus Daly and his companion, O.S.F., hanged, drawn, and quartered at Limerick, January 1. The bystanders reported that his head when cut off distinctly uttered the words: "Lord, show me Thy ways." Edmund Tanner (q.v.), S.J., Bishop of Cork, died, June 4, in prison at Dublin; John O'Dowd, p., O.S.F., refused to reveal a confession, put to death at Elphin by having his skull compressed with a twisted cord; Thomas O'Herlahy (q.v.), Bishop of Ross. 1580: Edmund O'Donnell (q.v.), p., S.J., March 16, Cork (but the year should be 1575 and the name perhaps O'Donnell); Laurence O'Moore, p., Oliver Plunkett, gentleman, and William Walsh or Willick, an Englishman, tortured and hanged, November 11, after the surrender of Dun-an-oir in Kerry; Daniel O'Neilan p., O.S.F., fastened round the waist with a rope and thrown with weights tied to his feet from one of the town-gates at Youghal, finally fastened to a mill-wheel and torn to pieces, March 28. He is obviously the person whom Mooney commemorates under the name O'Duillian, assigning the date, April 22, 1569, from hearsay; Daniel Hanrichan, Maurice O'Scanlan, and Philip O'Shee (O'Lee), priests, O.S.F., beaten with sticks and slain, April 6, before the altar of Lislachtin monastery, Co. Kerry; the prior at the Cistercian monastery of Graeg, and his companions. Murphy, quoting O'Sullevan, says the monastery was Graiguenamanagh; O'Sullevan names the place Seri-pons, Jerpoint.

1581: Nicholas Nugent, chief justice, David Sutton, John Sutton, Thomas Eustace, John Eustace, William Wogan, Robert Sherlock, John Clinch, Thomas Netherfield, or Netterville, Robert Fitzgerald, gentleman of the

Pale, and Walter Lakin (Layrmus), executed on a charge of complicity in rebellion with Lord Baltinglass; Matthew Lamport, described as a parish priest (pastor) of Dublin Diocese, but more probably a baker (pistor) of Wexford, executed for harboring Baltinglass and Father Rochford, S.J., Robert Meyler, Edward Cheevers, John O'Lahy, and Patrick Canavan, sailors of Wexford, hanged, drawn, and quartered, July 5, for conveying priests, a Jesuit, and laymen out of Ireland; Patrick Hayes, ship-owner of Wexford, charged with aiding bishops, priests, and others, died in prison; Richard French, p., Ferns Diocese, died in prison; Nicholas Fitzgerald, Cistercian, hanged, drawn, and quartered, September, at Dublin.

1582: Phelim O'Hara and Henry Delahoyde, O.S.F., of Moyne, Co. Mayo, hanged and quartered, May 1; Thaddaeus O'Meran, or O'Morachue, O.S.F., guardian of Enniscorthy; Phelim O'Corra (apparently Phelim O'Hara, above); Aeneas Penny, parish priest of Killatra (Killasser, Co. Mayo), slain by soldiers while saying Mass, May 4; Roger O'Donnellan, Cahill McGoran, Peter McQuillan, Patrick O'Kenna, James Pillan, priests, and Roger O'Hanlon (more correctly McHenlea, in Curry), lay brother, O.S.F., died, February 13, Dublin Castle, but the date can scarcely be correct for all; Henry O'Fremlamhaidh (anglicized Frawley); John Wallis, p., died, January 20, in prison at Worcester; Donagh O'Reddy, parish priest of Coleraine, hanged and transfixed with swords, June 12, at the altar of his church.

1584: Dermot O'Hurley (q.v.), Archbishop of Cashel; Gelasius O'Cullenan, O.Cist., Abbot of Boyle, and his companion, variously named Eugene Cronius and Hugh or John Mulcheran (? Eoghan O'Maoilchiarain), either Abbot of Trinity Island, Co. Roscommon, or a secular priest, hanged, November 21, at Dublin; John O'Daly, p., O.S.F., trampled to death by cavalry; Eleanor Birmingham, widow of Bartholomew Ball, denounced by her son, Walter Ball, Mayor of Dublin, died in prison; Thaddaeus Clancy, September 15, near Listowel.

1585: Richard Creagh (q.v.), Archbishop of Armagh, poisoned, October 14, in

the Tower of London—he is included amongst the 242 Praetermissi in the article English Confessors and Martyrs; Maurice Kenraghty (q.v.), p.; Patrick O'Connor and Malachy O'Kelly, O.Cist., hanged and quartered, May 19, at Boyle.

1586: Maurice, or Murtagh, O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, died in prison at Dublin; Donagh O'Murheely (O'Murthuile, wrongly identified with O'Hurley) and a companion, O.S.F., stoned and tortured to death at Muckross, Killarney. 1587: John Cornelius, O.S.F., of Askeaton; another John Cornelius, S.J., surnamed O'Mahony, born in England of Irish parents from Kinelmeky, Co. Cork, is included among the venerabiles of the English list; Walter Farrell, O.S.F., Askeaton, hanged with his own girdle. 1588: Dermot O'Mulrony, p., O.S.F., Brother Thomas, and another Franciscan of Galbally, Co. Limerick, put to death there March 21; Maurice Eustace (q.v.), Jesuit novice, hanged and quartered, June 9, Dublin; John O'Molloy, Cornelius O'Dogherty, and Geoffrey Farrell, Franciscan priests hanged, drawn, and quartered, December 15, at Abbeyleix; Patrick Plunkett, knight, hanged and quartered, May 6, Dublin; Peter Miller, B.D., Diocese of Ferns, tortured, hanged, and quartered, October 4, 1588; Peter (or Patrick) Meyler, executed at Galway; not-withstanding the different places of martyrdom assigned, these two names may be those of the same person, a native of Wexford executed at Galway; Patrick O'Brady, O.S.F., prior at Monaghan—Murphy, on slender grounds, supposes him to be the guardian put to death in 1540, but Copinger and after him Curry, in his "Civil Wars in Ireland", state that six friars were slain in the monastery of Moynihan (Monaghan) under Elizabeth; Thaddus O'Boyle, guardian of Donegal, slain there, April 13, by soldiers. 1590: Matthew O'Leyn, p., O.S.F., March 6, Kilcrea; Christopher Roche, l., died, December 13, under torture, Newgate, London. 1591: Terence Magennis, Magnus O'Fredliney or O'Todhry, Loughlin og Mac O'Cadha (? Mac Eochadha, Keogh), Franciscans of Multifarnham, died in prison. 1594: Andrew Strich, p., Limerick, died in Dublin Castle. 1597: John

Stephens, p., Dublin province, apparently chaplain to the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, hanged and quartered, September 4, for saying Mass; Walter Fernan, p., torn on the rack, March 12, at Dublin. 1599: George Power, Vicar-General of Ossory, died in prison. 1600: John Walsh, Vicar-General of Dublin, died in prison at Chester; Patrick O'Hea, 1., charged with harboring priests, died in prison, December 4, Dublin—probably the Patrick Hayes of 1581 (supra); James Dudall (Dowdall, q. v.,), died either November 20 or August 13, Exeter; Nicholas Young, p., died, Dublin Castle.

1601: Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, slain by soldiers, March 15, near Dungiven; Daniel, or Donagh, O'Mollony, Vicar-General of Killaloe, died of torture, April 24, Dublin Castle; John O'Kelly, p., died, May 15, in prison; Donagh O'Cronin, clerk, hanged and disemboweled, Cork; Bernard Moriarty, dean of Ardagh and Vicar-General of Dublin, having his thighs broken by soldiers, died in prison, Dublin. 1602: Dominic Collins, lay brother, S.J., hanged, drawn, and quartered, October 31, Youghal. The following Dominicans suffered under Elizabeth (1558-1603), but the dates are uncertain: Father MacFerge, prior, and twenty-four friars of Coleraine, thirty-two members of the community of Derry, slain there the same night, two priests and seven novices of Limerick and Kilmallock, assembled in 1602 with forty Benedictine, Cistercian, and other monks, at Scattery Island in the Shannon to be deported under safe conduct in a man-of-war, were cast overboard at sea. To this year, 1602, seems to belong the death of Eugene MacEgan, styled Bishop-designate of Ross, of which he was vicar Apostolic, mortally wounded while officiating in the Catholic army. There was no Catholic army on foot in 1606, at which date his name appears in the official list. He was buried at Timoleague.

(3) Under James I and Charles I (1604-1648).—1606: Bernard O'Carolan, p., executed by martial law, Good Friday; Eugene O'Gallagher, abbot, and Bernard O'Trevir, prior, of the Cistercians of Assaroe, Ballyshannon, slain there by soldiers; Sir John Burke of Brittas, County Limerick, for rescuing

and defending with arms a priest seized by soldiers, executed at Limerick, December 20, 1606. The date is accurately known from contemporary letters printed in Hogan's "Ibernia Ignatiana". 1607: Niall O'Boyle, O.S.F., beheaded or hanged, January 15, Co. Tyrone; John O'Luin, O.P., hanged at Derry; Pat-rick O'Derry, p., O.S.F., hanged, drawn, and quartered at Lifford (but according to Bruodin, January 6, 1618); Francis Helam or Helan, p., O.S.F., apprehended saying Mass in Drogheda, and imprisoned; Dermot Bruodin, O.S.F., tortured at Limerick, released at the intervention of the Earl of Thomond, he died of years and labors at Ennis (9 August, 1617, according to Bruodin). 1608: Donagh (in religion, William) O'Luin, O.P., prior of Derry, hanged and quartered there. 1610: John Lune, p., Ferns Diocese, hanged and quartered, November 12, Dublin. 1612: Cornelius O'Devany (q.v.), O.S.F., Bishop of Down and Connor, executed with Patrick O'Lochran, p., Cork Diocese, February 1, Dublin. 1614: William McGillacunny (MacGiolla Coinigh), O.P., executed at Coleraine. 1617: Thomas Fitzgerald, p., O.S.F., died in prison, July 12, Dublin. 1618: John Honan, p., O.S.F., tortured, hanged, and quartered, October 14, Dublin. 1621: Francis Tailler, alderman, Dublin, died a prisoner in the Castle, 30 January; James Eustace, O. Cist., hanged and quartered, September 6. 1628: Edmund Dungan, Bishop of Down and Connor, died, November 2, Dublin Castle. 1631: Paul (Patrick) Fleming, p., O.S.F., put to death by heretics, November 13, at Benesabe, Bohemia, with his companion, Matthew Hore. 1633: Arthur MacGeoghegan, p., O.P., hanged, drawn, and quartered, 27 November, Tyburn. 1639: John Meagh, p., S.J., shot, 31 May, by the Swedish army near Guttenberg, Bohemia. 1641: Peter O'Higgin, O.P., prior at Naas, hanged, March 24, Dublin. 1642: Philip Clery, p.; Hilary Conroy p., O.S.F., but most probably this is the Hilary Conroy, O.S.F., chaplain to Ormond's regiment, hanged at Gowran in 1650 by the Cromwellians; Fergal Ward, O.S.F., and Cornelius O'Brien, hanged on board ship in the Shannon, by Parliamentarians, October; Francis O'Mahony, O.S.F., guardian at Cork, tortured and hanged,

regaining consciousness, he was again hanged with his girdle; Thomas Aquinas of Jesus, p., O.D.C., hanged, July 6, Drogheda; Angelus of St. Joseph, O.D.C.; Robert (in religion, Malachy) O'Shiel, p., O.Cist., hanged, May 4, Newry; Edmund Hore and John Clancy, priests, Waterford Diocese, put to death, March, at Dungarvan; Raymund Keogh, p., O.P., Stephen Petit, O.P., prior at Mullingar, shot while hearing confessions on the battlefield; Cormac Egan, lay brother, O.P. 1643: Peter of the Mother of God, lay brother, O.D.C. 1644: Cornelius O'Connor and Eugene O'Daly, O.SS.T., drowned at sea by a Parliamentarian commander, January 11; Christopher Ultan or Donlevy, p., O.S.F., died in Newgate, London. 1645: Hugh MacMahon, 1., and Conor Maguire, Baron of Enniskillen, executed for complicity in the outbreak of the Confederate War; Henry White, p., hanged at Rathconnell, Co. Meath (but before this year, if by Sir C. Coote, as stated); Edmund Mulligan, p., O. Cist., in July, near Clones, slain by Parliamentarians; Malachy O'Queely (q.v.), Archbishop of Tuam; Thaddaeus O'Connell, p., O.S.A., executed by Parliamentarians after the battle of Sligo; John Flaverty, p., O.P. 1647: At the storming of the Rock of Cashel by Inchiquin, September 15, Richard Barry, p., O.P., William Boyton, p., S.J., Richard Butler, p., O.S.F., James Saul, lay brother, O.S.F., Elizabeth Carney, Sister Margaret, a Dominican tertiary, Theobald Stapleton, p., Edward Stapleton, p., Thomas Morrissey and many others, priests and women, were slain in the church. 1648: Gerald FitzGibbon, cleric, and David Fox, lay brother at Kilmallock, Dominic O'Neaghten, lay brother, Roscommon, Peter Costello, p., sub-prior, Straid, Co. Mayo, all Dominicans; Andrew Hickey, p., O.S.F., hanged near Adare.

(4) Commonwealth (1649-1659).—1649: Robert Netterville, p., S.J., died at Drogheda, June 19, of a severe beating with sticks; John Bath, p., S.J., and his brother Thomas, secular priest, Dominic Dillon, O.P., prior at Urlar, Richard Oveton, O.P., prior at Athy, Peter Taaffe, O.S.A., prior at Drogheda, slain in Drogheda massacre; Bernard Horumley (? Gormley), p., O.S.F.,

hanged, Drogheda; Raymund Stafford, p., Paul Synnott, p., John Esmond, p., Peter Stafford, p., Didacus Cheevers and Joseph Rochford, lay brothers, Franciscans, slain in Wexford massacre; James O'Reilly, p., O.P., slain near Clonmel; William Lynch, p., O.P., hanged. 1650: Bcetius Egan, O.S.F., Bishop of Ross, celebrated for exhorting the garrison of Carrigadrehid Castle to maintain their post against Broghill, dismembered and hanged; Miler Magrath (Father Michael of the Rosary), p., O.P., hanged, Clonmel; Francis Fitzgerald, p., O.S.F., hanged, Cork; Walter de Wallis, p., O.S.F., and Antony Musus (? Hussey), p., O.S.F., hanged, Mullingar; John Dormer, O.S.F., died in prison, Dublin; Nicholas Ugan, or Ulagan, O.S.F., hanged with his girdle; Thomas Plunkett and twelve other Francis-cans, Eugene O'Teman, O.S.F., flogged and cut to pieces by soldiers. 1651: Franciscans: Denis O'Neilan, p., hanged, Inchicronan, Co. Clare; Thaddaeus O'Carrighy, p., hanged near Ennis; Hugh McKeon, p., died in prison, Athlone; Roger de Mara (MacNamara), p., shot and hanged, Clare Castle; Daniel Clanchy and Jeremiah O'Nerehiny (Nerny), lay brothers, Quin, hanged; Philip Flasberry, hanged near Dublin; Francis Sullivan, p., shot in a cave, Co. Kerry, December; William Hickey, p., hanged; Dominicans: Terence Albert O'Brien (q.v.), O.P., Bishop of Emly; John Wolfe, p., hanged, Limerick; John O'Cuilin (Collins), p., beheaded; William O'Connor, prior at Clonmel, beheaded, and Thomas O'Higgin, p., hanged, Clonmel; Bernard O'Ferrall, p., slain, his brother Laurence, p., hanged, Longford; Vincent Gerald Dillon, chaplain to Irish troops in England, died in prison, York; Ambrose Aeneas O'Cahill, p., cut to pieces by cavalry, Cork; Donagh Dubh (Black) and James Moran, lay brothers; laymen: Louis O'Ferrall, died in prison, Athlone; Charles O'Dowd, hanged; Donagh O'Brien, burned alive; Sir Patrick Purcell, Sir Geoffrey Galway, Thomas Strich, mayor, Dominic Fanning, ex-mayor, Daniel O'Higgin, hanged after surrender of Limerick; Henry O'Neill, Theobald de Burgo. 1652: Secular priests: Roger Ormilius (? Gormley) and Hugh Garrighy, hanged, Co. Clare; Cornelius MacCarthy, Co. Kerry; Bernard

Fitzpatrick, Ossory Diocese; Franciscans hanged: Eugene O'Cahan, guardian at Ennis, Sliabh Luachra, Anthony Broder, deacon, near Tuam, Bonaventure de Burgo, Nielan Locheran, p., Derry. Anthony O'Ferrall, p., Tulsk, John O'Ferrall; Edmund O'Bern, p., O.P., beheaded after torture, Jamestown; laymen hanged: Thaddaeus O'Conor Sligo, Boyle; John O'Conor Kerry, Tralee; Thaddaeus O'Conor of Bealnamelly in Connaught; Bernard McBriody; Edmund Butler, Dublin; Brigid D'Arcy, wife of Florence Fitzpatrick; Conn O'Rorke, slain after quarter given. 1653: Dominicans: Thaddaeus Moriarty, prior at Tralee, hanged, Killarney; Bernard O'Kelly, p. or lay brother, Galway; David Roche, p., sold into slavery, St. Kitts; Honoria Burke and her maid, Honoria Magan, tertiaries, Burrishoole; Daniel Delany, P.P., Arklow, hanged, Gorey. 1654: Bernard Conney, O.S.F., died in Galway jail; Mary Roche, Viscountess Fermoy, Cork; William Tirry, p., Augustinian hermit, probably in Co. Cork. 1655: Daniel O'Brien, dean of Ferns, Luke Bergin, O. Cist., and James Murchu, hanged, April 14.

The Restoration Onwards.—1665: Raymund O'Moore, p., O.P., Dublin; 1679: Felix O'Conor, p., O.P., Sligo; 1691: Gerald Fitzgibbon, p., O.P., Listowel; 1695: John O'Murrough, p., O.P., Cork; 1704: Clement O'Colgan, p., O.P., Derry, 1707: Daniel McDonnell, p., O.P., Galway; Felix McDowell, p., O.P., Dublin; 1711 (or thereabouts): James O'Hegarty, p., Derry Diocese; 1713: Dominic McEgan, p., O.P., Dublin.

Uncertain Dates.—Forty Cistercians of Monasternenagh, Co. Limerick, may be the monks mentioned at 1602, though the manner of death is stated differently; Daniel O'Hanan, 1., died in prison; Donagh O'Kennedy, Donagh Serenan, Fulgentius Jordan, Raymund O'Malley, John Tullis, and Thomas Deir, Augustinians, Cork, 1654; James Chevers, O.S.F., James Roche, O.S.F., John Mocleus (? Mockler), O.S.F., John O'Loughlin, O.P., two Dominican fathers, Kilmallock. apparently the lay brothers Fitzgibbon and Fox, 1648; Michael Fitzsimon, 1.; Conn O'Kiennan, hanged, drawn, and quartered, 1615; Daniel O'Boyle, O.S.F.; Dermot MacCarrha (MacCarthy), p.; Donchus

O'Falvey, p., perhaps the Daniel Falvey, friar, remanded at Kerry Lent Assizes, 1703; John MacConnan, p., possibly the John Orman (Conan) of Copinger, executed by martial law, Dublin, 1618, and the John Honan, O.S.F., 1617 (the correct date is 1618—see above); John O'Grady, p.; Thomas Fleming, 1.; Lewis O'Laverty, p., hanged, drawn, and quartered, 1615.
CHARLES MCNEILL

Six Months in the Apennines OR A PILGRIMAGE IN SEARCH OF VESTIGES OF THE IRISH SAINTS IN ITALY. MARGARET STOKES, 1892

The critic will question whether Columban really did visit Italy on two separate occasions ; whether before going to Bobio he spent much time in Pavia and some years in Milan, and that he then founded the monastery of Bobio ; went to Rome, where he received the blessing of Pope Gregory the Great ; returned to Bobio, and thence to Luxeuil.

Yet these traditions are supported by the saint's history in art, and, though not related by his contemporary and biographer, Jonas, it is maintained by P. Luigi della Torre, by D. L. Gallotta, and by Massimo da Siregno, that they are founded on fact.

These writers hold that Jonas, who wrote his life of Columban at Luxeuil twenty years after his visit to the saint at Bobio, by a lapse of memory misrepresented the two journeys as one.

The life of Columban by Jonas is a very short and fragmentary work, and though its authenticity need not be doubted as far as it goes, yet many events must have occurred in the life of St. Columban which find no place in this narrative...

THERE is a favourite passage of mine in the writings of A Bishop Reeves,

where he says : " What a pity it is that a small portion of the learning and zeal which afforded to the early Irish the means of enriching with the fruits of their labours even distant kingdoms on the continent, does not inspire their descendants, who have time and money at command, to follow the steps that have been hallowed by the name of Irish, and gather up those fragments of national history, those legitimate materials for national pride, which remain scattered among the various nations of the continent, and assign to the memory of Ireland a place in the western world which no other country in Europe could venture to claim.

Irish Chiefs and High-Chiefs Francis John Byrne, 1973

The Old Irish poem on the Passion by Blathmac mac Con Brettan ... describes Christ as: ferr fáith, fisidin cech druí rí ba hepscop, ba lánsui Better he than prophet, more knowledgeable than any druid A Chief who was bishop and full sage

More excellent his form than that of any human being, more vigorous his stout vigour than that of any wright,

wiser than any breast under heaven, more just than any Brehon. ...

Prayer for a Holy Death. Ah BLESSED St. Michael, on thy name I call, And on thine, Ah St. John the Baptist, On the saints of the world, one and all, For help in the coming day of battle. When my mouth is closing and my eye is failing, And my sense from me is slipping away, When my term is spent and my cause a-calling, God with my soul that dreadful day. Amen

The sinners with the abundance of their cruelty, by whom they have been

slain, their splendour has perished, their strongholds are desolate.

These are they who after their afflictions have reached the Chiefdom : their graveyards unconcealed, they are bordgala of thousands.

The soldiers who have crucified them, though they were strong in fight, their pains they are great, their graves are unknown.

Not so are Jesu's soldiers: they have reached a radiant homestead : after them their devout bodies (are) in shrines of sparkling gold.

They are grand before multitudes, Christ's Chieffolk after their wounds:

the Kings of the world after desires, it has truly passed away from these.

FÉLIRE OENGUSSO CÉLI DÉ

Martyrology of Tallaght, Féilire Óengusso

Do Adamnán Iae Asa tóidlech tóiden Ro ír Ísu úasal

Sóerad mbúan mban nGóidel.

To Adamnán of Iona Whose troop is radiant, Noble Jesus has granted

The lasting liberation of the women of the Gaels. [W. Stokes translated]

Blessed be the holy and undivided Trinity now and forever more.

Come O Holy Ghost replenish my heart

and enkindle in it the fire of thy divine love

Amen.Collected by Alice Doherty, Leitrim

Aoghán Ó Rathaille

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,

To banish this sorrow from them altogether —

From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Éibhear —

And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels

All our estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;

Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,

And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

Agus déarfaidh fear an tsléibhe máguaird: 'Nach í seo an chríoch a bhí ag Fir Mhaighe séaghainn tráth dá raibh? -Forbuis

Then the noble, valiant descendants of Eóghan arose, and arranged themselves into a furious, steady, brave battalion of champions.

— Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil

A MEDITATION IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By CoNCHTJBHAR O'RlORDAN.

Look, 0 sinner, thou offspring (lit. person) of the first pride,

"Who art wounding, deceitful, soiled, hollow-hearted,

Spiteful, wrathful, contentious, disposed to treachery,

Inconstant, impertinent, offensive, most stubborn.

Look, indeed, at the entrance to any country churchyard,
On the skulls of the graves, of greasy red and yellow, as they moulder,
Their beauty obscured, and dead without motion,
Their countenance without loveliness, without life, without defence from the rain,
Without spring, without speech, without shape, without a lock of hair,
i o Without the power of rehearsing a tale with witty flattery,
Without sway, without rule, without a friend, without pleasant companions,
Without any substance left behind them where they lay but fine ashes.

It is truly difficult for us to tell precisely
Who has taken possession of the souls of each withered carcass :
The hundreds of angels in the heaven of the Supreme King,
Or a host of evil, restless demons ?

Thou cleric, familiar, in books of verse-poems,
"With the labours of teaching of the apostles and the things they said,
James, Peter, and Mark, who wrote texts,
20 And who were not intemperate in their living or in proud wines.

Thou worldling, contemptuous, rapacious, wealth-snatching,

Who breakest the holy commandments of the Supreme King,

If thou dost not repent in sorrow and trouble of heart,

It is to be feared that thou hast to dread the judgments of the day of terror.

My woe ! my weakness ! my overthrowing ! and my full agitation !

See whither they have gone—the warriors of hosted bands,

Champions who slew in noble feats of chivalry,

Bears and giants and snakes in their dens.

See whither goes the valiant man of much marching,

30 Caesar, the active, the gentle, of smooth hair,

Who won the possession of every city and the tribute of harbours,

And who sacked towns and strongholds with warlike companies.

The heroes whom the nimble son of noble Priam mangled and destroyed,

He whom Achilles wounded through treachery though unexpectedly,

The lady who by her deeds brought on Troy ruin and chastisement—

Their beauty is not known from the blemish of the ill-visaged.

Look at the lives of the truly-pleasant warriors,

Look at the steadfast battalions who were engaged in service,

Laoghaire, Cairbre, Cathal, and Conn the green,

40 And Aongus of bright arms, the swift magician of much marching ;

See how their person or their beautiful figure cannot be

recognised

By scanning of their cheeks, or by the blaze of their vivid hue ;

They have no mouth, or eyes, or eyebrows, or real ears,

But a layer of clotted maggots pressed into their trenched cavities.

If the possession of the heavens be obtained by proud vanity,

Gluttony without moderation, drinks with discord,

By the mouth of the flatterer tasting every pleasing food,

In folly did the apostles of the King spend their course of life,

Who did not treasure or hoard up what they received,

50 Who did not gallop on troops of strong horses with flowing

manes ;

But kept long fasts and taught each erring tribe,

With no dress save coarse and bristling garments.

The Father made subjects of us in Paradise ;

The first man of our race—He raised a great multitude from him,

He gave up to him the air, the seas, the lands of the worlds,

Let him but leave untouched the forbidden apple on one small tree.

From the crown of his head he clothed him with angelic beauty

Which came down to his feet in a robe as a protection from the cold ;

He made a compact with him—he would have lived to this day
60 Had he but obeyed the commandments of the King which he
gave him.
After the sin that had stung our ancient race,
The Majestic King trod the earth for the release of our difficulty,
One of the Blessed Persons of the noble Trinity,
To save the people under a curse who were in trouble.
While He shall pronounce judgment on the sides of the vale of
terror,
The clergy of the Apostles will tremble in affliction of heart,
The angels will be in form like chafers through sheer mourning,
The air will be ablaze, and the earth all uptorn.
Keen are the showers of wrath with true activity ;
70 And this is what the afflicted band profess for their advantage—
A slothful, stingy clemency that restrained every resisting heart
of these
From giving alms or from entreating the noble Chrjst.
0 God of Heaven, who hast dearly purchased us in pain,
Deliver my soul from the deceitful darts of these—
The guilty damned spirit, the demon of dread treachery,
The world, and the lumpish body, cunning, of perverse ways.
And let us go by the meditation of our minds into deep solitude,
To contemn the goods of the miserable world,
And to free ourselves from the anger of the Father, and of the

Noble One who liberated

80 Hundreds from the painful bondage of much dreaded Acheron.

CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN'S CONFESSION.

1 confess tearfully, and devoid of strength,

In bitter repentance after my misdoings,

That I was not mildly led by the commandments of God ;

And that I preferred the sinister, perverse ways of the flesh.

Deceitfully, eagerly, wound-inflicting, in agony of heart,

Did I pour out every gossip in falsehood and injustice ;

What I promised, I did not wish to fulfil,

And woe to the woman who gave me her confidence.

Seldom did I bow beside churchyard gates,

1 o Pondering that I should be as one of that vast multitude ;

Looking upon the great men who lived some time before us,

In the sovereignty of the adorned, mighty, coach-loving world.

On the few occasions I went thither, my reflections were not :
That silent is the mouth that was lying, tuneful in gossip ;

That there is no smelling in the perverse sense of what was once

the nose ;

And that subdued and weak is the smiling eye of the smiter.

It is not more difficult to count exactly the stars of the heavens,

Or the green leaves on the branches of a tree, or a wood of nuts,

Orthe sand that goes with the flowing of the waves of ocean,
20 Than the violations of the law of the Almighty that I daily practised.
Nor more difficult to count the showers of drops on the green grass at eventide,
Or at morning before sunrise, when mild autumn comes on,
Than the sins that abided in my breast as companions of my work ;
And do thou, 0 High Only Son, deign to forgive them in thy clemency.
In the Book of texts we read of hope :
How wicked soever one may be, if he cry out with heart-tears,
That he obtains free forgiveness of his past deeds
Let him only remain freely afterwards in the way of righteousness.

I beseech and entreat with a loud voice
30 The Father of the saints, and King of the Trinity ;
The Person who by the sufferings of his heart saved multitudes,
And the noble Holy Spirit who removes every want of hope,
"Who strengthened the clergy, on their being tearful, devoid of vigour,
Prostrate, after the loss of their star of kingly guidance,
So that He spoke by their mouths words of gospel,
Teaching without conceit every hostile neighbour.

"Whoever of thy people, 0 slippery, crowded world,
Has not fallen like me into the dangers of despair,
It is a true story, according to the holy sages,
40 That he will easily go to heaven without injury.

The Binding.

0 Queen of queens, and loveliness of woman,
And affection by which the resentment of God is restrained,
0 staff of light, and steadfast, zealous love to the clergy,
Pray in time that our evil pride may be all forgiven.
The beloved is she of the King of the Stars, as a stainless child,
Christ chose her for his mother-nurse without fault ;
1 imagine that there in his bed the Holy Spirit reposes,
She is my stay in every difficulty, to answer for me in my con
flict.
The sword-spear, as I deem, is she of feeble souls,
50 And a limber tree without deceit is she from fruit to root ;
Passionate though I be, shattered by disease or sickness,
To the fringes of her skirted, fair mantle will I go for shelter.
To the camps of the polished, mangling, keen swords,
In the time of hostile vengeance did it happen that I should go,
Amid fleets on the wave tides of the sea in danger,
My help is she in their rapine—I fear no one.

Strong though the hostile demons come from wicked Acheron,
While the perverse, slippery, smooth world daily allures me,
While evil desire puts forth falsehood in flashes,
6o To helplessness does the modest fair one reduce all their strength.

The choice of the king of the wet, wide world is the woman ;
Her speech is full of forgiveness by calling on her name ;
It is my desire to invoke her friendship until death shall come,
That Christ may take in his wide net all our souls.

Aoghán Ó Raithaille, The Binding

My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,
70 And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney,
Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned ;
This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day.

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been laid low,
I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—to the graveyard,
Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the death of Christ.

ON THE DEATH OF TADHG O'CRONIN'S THREE CHILDREN.

Rathmore moaned, her sails were rent,
Her prosperity was maimed, the house of sorrow hurst ;
A fog fell so thickly that I cannot see the sward,
On her lime-white mansion, the most hospitable—sore affliction is the tidings.
Moreover, violently snatched away by a strong, great flood
Are her prizes, her jewels, her roof-tree, her music ;
A spark leaped up unto her forehead, burning her
And her beautiful, precious coverlets, and her noble goblets of gold.
It is bitter sorrow and torture, it is painful wounding without cure,
i0 It is a sore calamity in the west, it is a black, sickly fever,
It is a longing to weep, without mirth, it is a fit of heartsickness,—
That Eileen is in the clay of the churchyard, and Diarmuid and Tadhg.

0 Lord, who didst suffer death and the signal insult of the blind,
Conduct to Thy mansion of brightness the three who are in bondage ;

A store of wisdom I beseech for their hospitable father,
That he may be able to bow down in Thy sight before Thy
Divine Will.

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, polished manners,
Three calm candles of the sun, three most skilful in action,
Three ears of corn, without bending, who were not old in years,
Three stars in virtues and words without pride.
Three melodious strings, three glens in the earth,
Three sainted, holy children who fondly loved Christ,
Their three mouths, their three hearts, their three noble bodies
beneath a stone,
Their three fair, bright foreheads the prey of chafers—it is
ruin !
Three fair vines three doves without folly,
Three prime apples from a fresh bough, that were royal in
their dwelling,
Three fair turrets of the house, three with faces not old, nor
forbidding ;
Their three slender waists, their smooth cheeks, have filled
my heart with sorrow.
A triple loss their loss to me ; a triple lamentation the cause of
my weeping—
The three sole standing grounds of the sacred clergy, three

sweet live breasts ;

And since they have passed to Thee, to the grave—the three of

refined and cheerful aspect—

0 King, direct them to Thy royal mansion—those two and the one.

ELEGY ON JOHN BROWN.

News through which eyes stream forth tears,

The reason why trees and stately hills hend down,

A trouble through which mightiest chiefs tremble,

Is that John, son of Valentine, is mouldering in a tomb.

0 death, thou hast enticed away with thee our torchlight,

The fence of our harvests, of our homes, of our wakes,

The guard of our houses, of our women, of our kine,

Our protection against the flaying knives of brigand bands.

Our shield of safety, our prince, our high chieftain,

i o Our steel helmet enduring for the fight,

Our winter's sun, our light, our torch,

Our staff to threaten, our darling, our glory,

Our strong tower against the foe, our valour,

Our reason, our sight, our strength, our great love,

Our visage, our mien, our comeliness, our delight,

Our boat, our ship, our beauty, our vigour,

Our stout Osgar, our speech, our voice,

Our Phoenix of the mountain top, our champion, our justice,

Our weapon when we have to stand against vast troops,

20 Our strong Caesar, our guiding star.

...

The weeping of Brown, the helpful, the valiant,

Who is in London under the dire yoke of a horde ;

The weeping of his children—they are all sorrowful—

And the strong weeping of Mabel, who is troubled and tearful ;

The weeping of those with whom thou wert fostered in thy youth,

Of the root-stock of the kings, who were able and valiant—

Heroes who showed heroism in the stress of battle,

60 Of the progeny of Cian, who obtained sway for his province.

Beloved foster-brother of the great, noble chieftains—

The O'Learys who were wedded to Erin,

And the chieftains of the root-stock of Eoghan,

Who held hereditary sway over the Sliabh and the Tochar.

- So many are his kinsmen, it is hard to tell them,

Of the radiant race of Eibhear, Niall, and Eoghan ;

Nor was there one of the kings of Fodla

Who is not doubly akin to him without blemish.

And as many of the foreigners as were virile and valiant—

70 Their heroes, their champions, their leaders, their warriors,

Who did not submit to the enactments of the Saxons, without

taking up arms—

Mightily, and beyond measure, was poured out their golden blood ...

Egan Ó Raithailles writings show a marked intimacy with Killarney and places to the west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence to Dunneacha, beside Tonn Toime (VII.). He appears to have made periodical excursions to the houses of the Irish nobility, broken and scattered as they then were, to whom his reputation as an ollamh gave him an easy introduction. But he had fallen upon evil days. The nobles introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian and Williamite usurpations, in the room of the old " Milesian " chieftains, cared little for letters, much less for Irish history or legend. In the manuscript remains of the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, few themes are more persistently dwelt on than the indifference of the new nobles to history or poetry. The hereditary ollamh of Lord Clancarty winds up a pathetic lament (XLVII.) for the ruined chieftains of the Gael, after the disaster of the Boyne, by a declaration that his occupation is gone, and that he must henceforth take to brewing. Andrew M'Curtain, in moody melancholy, complains to Donn that the

noblemen of his time show him the door almost as soon as he has entered their houses, that they care nothing for his verses or genealogies. In the many laments for dead Irish chieftains produced during this period, none of their virtues is so much insisted on as their hospitality, especially to the bardic tribe.

The professional ollamh was practically a thing of the past in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

The date of our poet's birth has not been ascertained with certainty. If we may trust a manuscript of this century, his elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.) was composed in the year i696, and a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel), who died in 1694, is probably from his pen - and it is certain that he had reached the fullness of his powers before the close of the seventeenth century ; further, it would seem that most of his works, which have reached us, were written between the years i700 and i726. We can fix the dates of some more definitely. His lines on the banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork (IX.), were written in 1703. John Brown, the subject of a most beautiful and touching elegy (XIII.), died on the i5th of August, 1706. And this elegy clearly proves that, at this date, O'Rahilly took a most intense interest in the social war that raged in Killarney, in connexion with the Kenmare estate, and had been watching

with an intelligent eye the events of the previous decade of years. In October, 1709, he appeals to Donogh O'Hickey, of Limerick, to leave his native country rather than take " appro bation oaths" (XXIV.). The "Assembly of Munstermen " (XX.) must have been written after 1714, from the allusion it contains to King George and the same is to be said of the few stanzas on " Death " (XXXIX.).

Introduction POEMS OF EGAN O'KAHILLY
REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN, M.A.
LONDON PUBLISHED FORTHE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY
BY DAVID NUTT, 67-59, LONG ACRE 1900

A fili enjoyed full nemed status in early Irish society and his satire, if legitimate, ‘played an important part in the early Irish system of justice, being one of the pressures which make people - particularly of high rank - obey the law’ (Kelly, 1988, 138). Uraicecht Becc provides us with a defence of legitimate satire in place of weapons: Cid fodera breath do breith a deda don filidh?... coir a breith a filidaecht asa besgna buidhdein, uairais e a primdan buidhein filidhecht. Coir dana a breath do a besgna na flatha no lochta na tuaithi, uair is e doni a moladh dligteach du gach grad isin tuaith, ocus is e tobdigus a seodu eichni doib amuig, i fail i tinchaidter renda aer ocus na tinchaiter renda arm ‘What is the reason that judgment is given by two rights to the poet?...it is proper to give it to him from poetry, by his own right, because poetry is his own special art. It is proper also, to give it to him by the right of the chiefs, or of the people of the territory, for it is he that composes his lawful praise for every grade in the territory, and it is he that levies their lawful (?) ‘seds’ for them from territories without, in places

where points of satire are attended to, and where points of arms are not attended to (CIH II, ll.7-12, trans. ALI, 13).

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'Áer is traditionally translated as 'satire' and has been the focus of a certain amount of attention in medieval Irish studies in recent times. DIL (10) defines áer as '(a) cutting, incising; (b) act of satirising, lampooning, defaming'. It also refers to the word rind/rindad 'cut, cutting' for comparison, and this Dillon (1953a, 82, note on l.10) translates as 'point' which in turn equates with the modern Irish word rinn, meaning 'point, tip', i.e. rinn sleá, rinn claímh 'point of spear, point of sword' (Ó Dónaill, 1977, 1001). Thus áer has affinities with rind(ad). Binchy (1941, 69) describes áer as a 'formidable weapon with which members of the poetic orders (grád fhiled) enforced claims either on their own behalf or on behalf of other persons who employed them…To satirize a person without lawful ground is a delict which entitles the victim to recover the full amount of his honourprice as a penalty'…….We understand, therefore, that satires such as this were believed to contain a demonic power which had the capacity to cause the death of the victim. Whether this story is true or not does not matter, for tradition accepted it and that is what makes it significant; the 'word could kill; and in popular belief it did kill' (Elliott, 1960, 15)….

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Iomarbhágh na bhfileadh

O sons of Eibhear, if you find your honour standing secure owing to my

learned well- reasoned poem, it were not strange that I get the reward of it ! 10. The honour-price worthy of your race, the race that leaves no brave man lying low I have a right to that for defending your race — though my claim be [difficult] to grant....13. I shall not forget the race of good Carthach...with their kindred branches, who set no store on paltry love of treasures.'

"In addition to their judicial role, [Rí]s could issue ordinances (rechtgae) in the event of an emergency—for instance, when their [Ríocht] was threated by plague or war...[Rí]s not only had the power to call on [na daoine] on behalf of the túath...but, as Críth Gablach suggests, were also obliged to do so under the threat of losing their honor price." — N.B. Aitchison, "Ríocht, SOCIETY, AND SACRALITY: RANK, POWER, AND IDEOLOGY IN EARLY MEDIEVAL IRELAND." . Traditio, vol. 49, 1994, pp. 45–75. JSTOR, JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/27831893.

Uraicecht na Ríar (§24) stipulates that the seven requirements which compose any satire (cach n-aír) are: i scáth aide caislechtai scoth, is treairiut i cuairt éscai- aidbsiu in sin; aidech n-aicetail, congain comail, corrguinecht 'in the shade of a smooth flowery ad, in the three periods in the circuit of the moon - that is how it is announced; harmonious reciting, magical wounding, sorcery' (Breatnach, 1987, 114-5). Breatnach here follows TCD Ms 3.3 and notes that other manuscripts substitute the words glám dícenn for aír in this passage (1987, 115). We thus observe how satire is associated with magic in both its composition and its effect. The power of the glám dícenn and the fear it could evoke is exemplified in the Fer Diad episode of Táin Bó Cuailnge, when Cú Chulainn's own foster-brother reluctantly agrees to fight him in single combat rather than suffer the shame of satire: dobretha Medb

filid ocus áes dána ocus áes glámtha grúaidi ara chend co nderntais a áerad ocus a aithised ocus a ainfíalad…Tánic Fer Diad leisna techtaib hísin ar úaman a imderctha dóib 'then Medb sent to fetch him poets and artists and satirists who might satirise him and put him to shame…So for fear that he should be put to shame by them Fer Diad came 9 with those messengers' (O'Rahilly, 1976, 78-9, ll.2578-2582, trans. 196), the satirists being referred to as the people who bite cheeks áes glámtha grúaidi.

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'The royal line that now frames rules for us, Unlike the wonted practice in their fathers' time, Passed an Act that banished westward to the Siuir The laws our ancient sages had so well devised.'

O Síle, cold and stately By David Ó Bruadair

Fionnula Flanagan: "Irish poets, playwrights, and songwriters have been putting this on the stage and on the screen and into books for generations. The heartbreak and the despair that comes about in families such as this... It's all there, the cruelty, despair, the abandonment, the longing, the terrible loneliness and isolation of this particular dilemma ... in families....It's been there and it's been scintillating, glimmering, but the way to intervene on it and stop it in the generations, stop from destroying not only a family here, in Ireland, but a whole Nation, that has not been attempted yet..."

Originally fili seems to have meant 'seer' (e.g. McCone, 2005, 56), suggesting one who sees into the future, and thus carries with it an aura of

power and magic, and this power of prophecy has been seen as similar to that of the druids (Kelly, 1988, 44). An important function of the fili was to satirize and to praise and he was thus largely responsible for the decrease or increase of early Irish society's most coveted attribute, honour (Kelly, 1988, 43). An example of potential loss of honour can be manifested in the following: Ro fóebra fúamann/ fó thuinn technatar/ ro dúisced fuil/ for a grúaide gnúis/ conid fodirc inna rus/ ro mbríatharaib bíth 'Verbal blades have cut beneath his skin,

blood has been aroused onto his cheeks [and] aspect so that it is evident in his countenance that he has been wounded by words' (Bretha Nemed Toísech, CIH 2218.10- 12). Enech means both face and honour: 'from the original meaning 'face, countenance' the technical legal meaning 'honour, dignity' is a natural transition' (Binchy, 1941, 85). This association is illustrated in Aislinge Óenguso in the phrase meth n-enech 'loss of face/honour', and diandom fhoíme ar th'inchaib 'if you receive me on your honour' (Shaw, 1976, 62-3).''

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'Meroney (1950, 206-7, note on §3) cites ail as 'blemish…one of the three bolga (bags, blisters) raised on the cheek of a false judge' which prompts him to ask: 'Is not this ail the same as ail, 'stone', in the sense of a bump by a blow or metaphorically by a slur? Meant here is verbal hurt'. The text justifies this explanation: ail dono .i. ail leasanma lenas do neoch, no athais mbréthri cidh tria chuidbhius cid cen cuidbius. Leasainm…amal doradadh for alaile cill fhil i Maigh Ulad; robo Leas Mór a h-ainm ar tús, co rancadar muinter Lis Móir Mochutu dono don chill sin, co tardad drochfhurec bec dóib; doromaltar íarum co solamh ocus dochúadar do baile aile; ocus

doradad leasainm forsin cill ucut .i. Ceall Chorrfesi. Roslil in ail anma sin do grés 'Insult next i.e. the insult of a nickname which clings to anyone, or verbal injury whether rhymed or not. Nickname as was bestowed upon a certain church which is in Mag Ulad. Its name was Lismore at first until the household of Lismore Mochutu went there and a skimpy miserable meal was given to them. They ate then in a hurry and went to another place and a nickname was bestowed upon that same church, namely 'Church of the Wretched Repast'. The insult of that name clung to it forever' (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204). Again we may refer here to Aislinge Meic Con Glinne where the church is also an object of derision due to the miserable meal it offers its guests. The third category is aircetal aíre, '[a]ircetal, verbal noun of ar-cain, means the actual poetic product…I render it as 'ability (in poetry)' (Breatnach, 1987, 96, n.41). Mercier (1962, 109) calls it 'versified satire' and points out that it is here taken as 'incantation of satire'. It has ten subdivisions: aircetal aíre dano ataait .x. fodla fair-side .i. mac bronn ocus dallbach ocus focal i frithshuidiu ocus tár n-aíre ocus tár molta ocus tamall aíre ocus tamall molta ocus lánaír ocus ainmedh ocus gláim díceand ' incantation of satire next; ten types thereof exist: 'son of womb', innuendo, 'word in opposition', outrage of satire, outrage of praise, touch of satire, touch of praise, full satire, sarcasm and glam dícind (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204)….

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The Altus Prosator asks, "Who can please God in the last time, the noble ordinances of truth being changed, except the despisers of this present world?" Here is how this Gaelic Apostolic Creed begins: Altus prrosator, vetustus dierum et ingenitus erat absque origine primordii et *crepidine est et erit in sæcula sæculorum infinita; cui est unigenitus Xristus et sanctus spiritus coæternus in gloria deitatis perpetua. Non tres deos depropimus

sed unum Deum dicimus, salva fide in personis tribus gloriosissimis.

Let us now proceed to examine different types of áer. The Book of Ballymote contains a treatise entitled Cis lir fodla aíre? 'How many types of satire are there? which Meroney (1950, 199-212) has edited. In answer to the above question the treatise continues Ní hansa. A trí .i. aisnés ocus ail ocus aircetal 'Not difficult, three i.e. declaration, insult, incantation'. Meroney (1950, 206, note on §2) points out that aisnéis aíre is to be understood here, 'as further on aircetal is referred to as aircetal aíre'. Each type is illustrated with an example, aisnéis being described thus: aisnéis immorro, indisiu tria h-áinsimh cen cuidb[i]us, amal adubhairth in cáinti i tich alaile degdhuine, nirbo lór lais a cuit. 'In scerdfidhear salann duit ar do chuitidh?' ar in timtiridh. 'Nító' ar seisuim, 'ar nímtá ní ara scertar, acht maine scertar ar mo theangaidh a rec[c] nucu nécean. Is coirt cheana' 'declaration, now, is narration in reproach, without rhyme, as the libeller said in the house of a certain gentleman - he thought his rations meager (sic). 'Shall salt be sprinkled for you on your portion?' asked the attendant. 'No' said he, 'for I have nothing to sprinkle it on. Unless it be sprinkled right (?) on my tongue, there's no need. It's bark anyhow' (Meroney, 1950, 201, trans. 204) …

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'There is an extensive and varied extant corpus of medieval Irish theological material, both in Latin and the vernacular, from the seventh century onwards. Yet, apart from Eriugena and his rough contemporaries at the Carolingian court, the philosophical significance of pre-scholastic Irish contributions to the development of Christian theology has been almost completely neglected…. In The Prologue to Senchas Már, the high-[chief],

Loegaire, following St. Patrick's defeat of his magi (druid)[The standard Latin translation of 'drui' (i.e. druid) in medieval Irish literature is 'magus'.] in a contest of miracles, assembles the best of the men of Ireland to discuss their laws. Before Patrick arrives, those assembled express their fear that moral and political chaos will result if the 'Law of Forgiveness' (cain dilguda), preached by Patrick, is adopted.

They resolve to pay a man, Núadu, to kill a member of Patrick's household, intending to accept Patrick's 'Law of Forgiveness' if he forgives the crime, and to reject it if he does not.11 Patrick's reaction is to look up to heaven, after which earthquakes ensue, causing the men of Ireland to plead the forgiveness preached by Patrick. But he refuses to make a judgement on the matter himself, rather entrusting it to the 'royal-poet' (ríg iled) of ḟ Ireland, Dubthach. Patrick lays hands on Dubthach, so that he may judge the matter by means of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.13 However, there is another sense in which Dubthach was already thus inspired. He was chosen for this task as a representative of the 'righteous poets and judges of the men of Ireland',14 through whom the Holy Spirit revealed the 'Law of Nature' (recht aicnid),15 in a manner comparable to the patriarchs and prophets of Scripture. The 'Law of Nature', made known through these righteous poets and judges, is contrasted with the 'Law of Scripture' (recht litre), which has now been made known to Ireland through Patrick. Neither Dubthach nor Patrick are able to conciliate the apparent conflict between the respective Laws of Nature and Scripture on their own, since each is limited to one side of the dilemma or the other. However, when, at Patrick's hands, Dubthach also receives the Holy Spirit as it is manifest according to the Law of Scripture, he comes to occupy a position that is beyond the difference between natural and scriptural, secular and ecclesiastical forms of revelation. His transcendence of their mutual distinction allows him to judge the entirety of preChristian Irish learning in relation to that of the

Church, thus distinguishing what truly belongs to the Law of Nature from what does not, so that the Law of Nature, thus defined, may be incorporated into a single law together with the, now reinterpreted, Law of Scripture. This is further defined as a determination of what parts of the earlier tradition 'did not go against God's word in the Law of Scripture, or in the New Testament, or against the consciences of the faithful...'

A Law beyond Grace in The Prologue to Senchas Már Daniel James Watson Maynooth University

... it being the current tradition that by this three-leaved grass he emblematically set forth the Holy Trinity. Popular Songs of Ireland By Thomas Crofton Croker Routledge, London, 1886 THE SHAMROCK.

...[St. Patrick] picked up a shamrock...sacred to the druids, and asked "Is it one leaf or three?"

"It is both one leaf and three," was their reply. Gaelicmatters.com

For Patrick is the apostle for Ireland, and he is the father of teaching and faith for Irishmen, and he will be judge over them on Doomsday.

Book of Lismore, Lives of the Saints

J.G. O'Keeffe The Ancient Territory of Fermoy, from Book of Lismore, Ériu Vol. 10 (1926/1928), Royal Irish Academy: The evidence afforded by the personal and place names indicates that the text could not have been written before the twelfth century.

And thou, O my senior, what art dost thou practise?

FERCHERTNE hunting for support, 72. establishing peace, 73. arranging a troop, From Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh

And though great be her honour here at present, greater by far will it be, when she shall arise like a shining lamp in completeness of body and soul at the great assembly of Doomsday, in union with cherubim and seraphim, in union with the Son of Mary the

Virgin, in the union that is nobler than every union, in the unionof the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I beseech the mercy of High, Almighty God, through holy Brigit's intercession, may we all deserve that unity, may we attain it, may we dwell therein, in saecula. Lismore Betha

Wherefore Findchua left to Munstermen, from that time forward till Doomsday, to defeat foreigners and every host besides when charging down a height ; and verily this is fulfilled

Lismore Life of St. Fanahan

I beseech the high, almighty God, through saint Brenainn s intercession,may we all deserve that unity, may we reach it, may we dwell therein for ever and ever !

Lismore Life of St. Brenainn

Lismore Abbey from CladdaghDesign.com

Lismore has strong historical and ecclesiastical links – it was founded way back in the 7th century by Saint Mochuda (also known as Saint Carthage) at the foot of the Knockmealdown Mountains and by the banks of the River Blackwater. The town is best known for the highly significant Lismore Castle and (former) Abbey. Lismore Abbey was founded by Saint Mochuda in the year 635, on a steep hill that overlooks what is now the town centre of Lismore. Mochuda had spent almost forty years in the monastery of Rahan in southern Meath but was evicted due to disagreements he had with the abbot there. He fled to Lismore, was granted some land by the local prince, and founded the monastery. Sadly he died two years later…

…It produced several notable saints and scholars over the years including Saint Cataldus (or Cathal), Saint Cuanna, and Aldfrith, Rí of Northumbria. At its peak Lismore was the most celebrated monastery in the south of Ireland and was an important place of pilgrimage. Many Irish princes in their dying days chose to give up the sceptre and spend the last moments of their lives there.

As Lismore was considered to be one of the most important monasteries in Ireland – and by far the most important one in the south of the country – it didn't come as a surprise to many when the Lismore Crozier emerged in 1814….

…During the course of the renovations a blocked-up doorway was discovered in a not often used passageway. When the doorway was cleared, two objects of significant value were discovered behind it; the crozier and the Book of Lismore (an account of the Irish saints written in early medieval Gaelic), which was enclosed in a wooden box for safekeeping

…We know from an inscription on the body of the crozier that it was crafted from 1090 – 1113, was … crafted by a man named Neachtain. The

case of the shrine enclosed an old oak stick, which is said to be the original crozier of the monastery's founder …

Tonn Chlíodhna From Acallam na Senórach (The Colloquy with the Ancients) Translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady, 1892, from the Book of Lismore, Book of McCarthy Reagh Now along with Patrick was one that to Muiredach mac Finnachta Rí of Connacht was an óglaech attached to his person: Corc mac Dairine, son of the Rí of corca Dhuibhne or 'the barony of Corcaguiney' in Kerry, and he said: Caeilte, my soul, there is a question I would fain put to thee: why is a certain wave called tonn Chlíodhna or 'of Cleena,' and another one tonn Téide or 'of Téide'? Caeilte said then: "It was an óglaech of trust that Finn had: Ciabhán, son of Eochaid Red-weapon Rí of Ulidia in the north; and he was so that, as the moon in her twelve provinces exceeds in brilliance all stars of heaven, even such was the measure in which for form and feature that young man outshone all Chiefs' sons in the world. With him the Fianna grew to be discontented however, the cause of their discontent being this: among them was no woman, mated or unmated, that was not in love with him. Finn renounced him therefore; yet was he loath to have him go, only that for the greatness of their jealousy he feared the Fianna of all Ireland.

Historian of Limerick Maurice Lenihan

"in 901 In Cashel, County Tipperary so like right here were 5000 students and six hundred Conventual monks; the like number were in Lismore and Dunda-leathglass."

Donnchadh Ó Corráin: Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil : History or Propaganda? [CCC Found in Castle Lismore 1814, buried treasure] -- The genealogies of Donnchad's family, the Uí Chaímh amd Eóganacht Glendamnach, are in a bad state of repair for the tenth century. They disagree with the Annals... ...Donnchad is referred to variously in the text: Donnchad, mac Caeimh Hi Caeimh, Donnchad mac Caeim, Donnchad Ua Eógain...ua Ecach, Ua Mogha, do Shil Catail, Donnchad mac Caeim meic Airt meic Cathail, Donnchad mac Caoimh ... mac Áirdrigh... ...The prominence of Donnchad in the saga of Cellachán must be ascribed to the desire to flatter the Uí Chaímh, his descendants ...

Donnchadh Ó Corráin Caithréim Chellacháin Chaisil: History or Propaganda?

"...The claim that the Éoganacht and Dál Cais had an equal alternate right to the Ríocht of Cashel is first put forward in the Dál Cais genealogical tracts..."

'...The twelfth and thirteenth centuries are generally recognised as a watershed in which the success of newly established continental [Holy Roman] monastic orders forced the vernacular learning of the older monasteries into an increasingly secular milieu, and it looks as if the earlier rigid distinctions between the monastically oriented fili and the humbler secular bard gradually disappeared' (McCone, 1990, 27)...'Only one thing

then, natural ability, is required of a bard…To qualify for the status of fili… normally both ability and study are essential, the ideal consisting of having the proper family background in addition to these two qualifications…The essential distinction between filid and baird in UR and other texts was that the filid were scholars whereas the baird were not' (Breatnach, 1987, 98-9). Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní

Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth, July 2007

"Until 1111 the church was organised on the basis of great federations of Monasteries governed by Abbotts. While there were Bishops, their roll was restricted, and they played little or no part in the government of the church. At Rathbreasail this was changed. The power of the [Irish] Abbots was greatly reduced. [Irish] Monks were ordered back into their cloisters and the extent of their activities were curtailed. [Roman] Dioceses were established and [Roman] Bishops appointed, and authority within the church was transferred to the [Roman planted] Bishops. The process of establishing a secular parish clergy to look after the ordinary spiritual needs of the faithful was begun."http://okeeffeclans.com/rathbreasail.html

My next exposure to Eriugena was thanks to my Dublin colleague and friend, Dermot Moran, in an essay he had written for a book I edited on The Irish Mind (1984). Moran taught me how boldly heretical Eriugena was in his …views on God as a live power in the natural world: 'The accusation of heresy excluded Eriugena from the main western philosophical tradition for many centuries. Yet even in his own time he was regarded as an outsider, a vir barbarus, as the Vatican librarian terms him, an advena … a''famous Irishman'' (Scotum illum)…

Ireland….Eriugena was a key figure of the Celtic intellectual diaspora of

medieval Europe. In the ninth century he left Ireland for Laon in France, where he spent many years at the court of King Charles the Bald, writing his great theopoetic treatise on Nature (the Periphysion). His impressive [work] also counted a significant body of poems (full of Celtic puns and hilarities) as well as his monumental translation of the Patristic mystic, Denys the Areopagite, from Greek into Latin. But he was not alone. His...included many other Irish scholars, amongst them Sedulius Scotus, Martin Hiberniensis, and Fergus of Laon.

...The overall import of Eriugena's message is, I believe, that the divine is not to be understood as a static metaphysical Idea—hiding away in some transcendental heaven —but as an integral part of all created things: theopoetics incarnate.

Literature & Theology, Vol. 33. No. 3, September 2019, pp. 233–240 doi:10.1093/litthe/frz019 MY WAY TO THEOPOETICS THROUGH ERIUGENA Richard Kearney

The manner in which Cairpre was treated by Bres provides the impetus for the satire: Rucad hi tech mbecc hímach ocus cumaing, dub, dorcha, séic ocus ni:raibe tene na hindlad na dérghud and. Tuccad teora bairgean beca dó, atét tuara for meis bic. At:racht, iarum, arnabarach ocus nírbo buidech 'He was taken into a small outlying house which was narrow, dark, and dim and there was neither fire nor bath nor bed. Three small cakes and they dry, were brought to him on a little dish. On the next day he arose and he was not pleased' (Hull, 1930, 66, trans.68). As a result Cairpre is justified in uttering a satire upon Bres in verse form: Cen cholt for crib cernene; Cín gert ferbu foron:assad aithrinde; Cen adhbai fhir ara drúbai dísoirchi; Cin díl daime reisse, (m)ropsen Breisse! Without food speedily on a platter Without a cow's milk whereon a calf thrives, Without a man's habitation

after the staying of darkness, Be that the luck of Bres Mac Eladain (Hull, 1930, 67, trans. 69)..Satirical Narrative in Early Irish Literature Ailís Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh Ph.D. Degree NUI Maynooth

St. Eunan said

" I will not arise until women are freed for me."

And the angel answered : " By reason of your sufferance you shall have all you ask of God."

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH HEROINES. L. M. McCRAITH

Author of "A GREEN TREE" 'THE SUIR: FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA" ETC

... merciless Grendel struck again with more gruesome murders. Malignant by nature, he never showed remorse.
Beowulf, Seamus Heaney

In the Life of St. Carthach, or Mochuda, given by the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon (Lives of Irish Saints, iv., p. 240, et seq.), it is stated that when Mochuda was travelling through Munster he came to a river formerly called Nemphe, but at the time the Life was written the river was named Abhainn mMhor, now the Blackwater. Mochuda seeing an apple swimming on the river, took it and brought it towards home.

The place was subsequently called, in consequence of the finding of the apple in the ford, Ath Ubhla, or " ford of the apple." On the way northwards along the great road, the charioteer of Mochuda asked him for the apple, but Mochuda stated that by means of the apple would be cured the withered hand of the beautiful daughter of Cuanna Mac Cailein, King of Feara Maighe Fene. In Chronicum Scotorum, a.d. 629, is noted the death of

Cailcin, son of Dima, from Liathmuine in Feara Maighe. Mochuda saw Flannaid, or "ruddy one," daughter of Cuanna, playing with some young girls in front of her father's residence, and having her right hand withered and hanging helplessly at her side. Mochuda called Flannaid to him, and said to her, " Take this apple," and Flannaid having extended her left hand,

Mochuda told her to reach forth the right hand, which she did, and found it restored to strength while thus receiving the apple from Mochuda.

Flannaid refused to accept as husband any one of the princes of Munster, and accompanied Mochuda to Raithin, in King's Co., where she lived in a nunnery, and afterwards accompanied Mochuda to Lismore, * and founded Cells at Forth and Cluain Dablam on the Blackwater, places which were bestowed upon her by Cuanna Mac Cailcin. Various tales, now lost, must have been told in Fermoy concerning Flannaid, for in the Journal, 1897, p. 86, we read : "This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan (Cuana Mac Cailcin) and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney Lough, as well as Giroid Iarla in Lough Gur, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain."

Journal Of the Cork Historical & Archaeological Society,vol VIV second series 1908 Ballyhooly. By Rev. J. F. Lynch

..and in this way it was that Ironbones was sent off from the shores of Ireland, without victory, honour, or glory, and deprived of the power of ever again boasting himself...

THE CHURL IN THE GREY COAT, From the Irish, James Clarence Mangan translation, edited DJ Ó Donoghue